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WHEN THOU SLEEPEST.

BY CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

When thou sleepest, lulled in night,
Art thou lost in vacancy?
Does no silent, inward light,
Softly breaking, fall on thee?
Does no dream on quiet wing
Float a moment mid that ray,
Touch some answering mental string,
Wake a note and pass away?

When thou watchest, as the hours,
Mute and blind, are speeding on,
O'er that rayless path, where lowers
Muffled midnight, black and lone;
Comes there nothing hovering near,
Thought of half reality,
Whispering marvels in thine ear,
Every word a mystery.

Chanting low an ancient lay,
Every plaintive note a spell,
Clearing memory's cloud away,
Showing scenes thy heart loves well?
Songs forgot, in childhood sung,
Airs in youth beloved and known,
Whispered by that airy tongue,
Once again are made thine own.

Be it dream in haunted sleep,
Be it thought in vigil lone,
Drink'st thou not a rapture deep
From the feeling, 'tis thine own?
All thine own; thou need'st not tell
What bright form thy slumber blest;—
All thine own; remember well
Night and shade were round thy rest.

Nothing looked upon thy bed
Save the lonely watch-light's gleam;
Not a whisper, not a tread
Scared thy spirit's glorious dream.
Something when the midnight gale
Breathed a moan and then was still,
Seemed the spell of thought to fall,
Checked by one ecstatic thrill;

Felt as all external things,
Robed in moonlight, smote thine eye;
Then thy spirit's waiting wings
Quivered, trembled, spread to fly;
Then th' aspirer, wildly swelling,
Looked where, mid transcendency,
Star to star was mutely telling
Heaven's resolve and fate's decree.

Oh! it longed for holier fire
Than this spark in earthly shrine;
Oh! it soared, and higher, higher,
Sought to reach a home divine.
Hopeless quest! soon weak and weary
Flagged the pinion, drooped the plume,
And again in sadness dreary
Came the baffled wanderer home.

And again it turned for soothing
To th' unfinished broken dream;
While, the ruffled current smoothing,
Thought rolled on her startled stream.
I have felt this cherished feeling,
Sweet and known to none but me;
Still I felt it nightly healing
Each dark day's despondency.

MATTIE'S GLOVES.

[CONCLUSION.]

Arthur Mornington was a clever, noble minded, man, tired to death of the superficial, shallow ways of society, and with a deep taste for all that was beautiful and pure. His fortune and good looks had early exposed him to the incessant attacks of match-making mammas and fortune-hunting daughters, till he had come to regard all women as slaves of vanity and fashion, and to believe that the fair ideal he worshiped in his soul could have no place on earth. But there was something in this simple little blue-eyed girl that attracted him wonderfully. She had evidently not been spoilt by contact with the world; her every look and word proclaimed her to be innocence and simplicity itself; so, quite forgetful of the ball-room, and the fair beauties who were mourning his absence, Arthur Mornington talked to little Mattie Gresham, who gradually lost her shyness, and spoke as she had never before ventured to speak in her life.

Meanwhile, in the ball-room, Helena Vernon stood beside Mrs. Gresham, twisting her fan and pouting her red lips.

"What can have become of him mamma? He engaged me for this dance, and now it is just over! I think it is very rude of Arthur Mornington," she said, tossing her handsome head with an indignant air.

As Helena did this she suddenly caught the gleam of a white dress in the conservatory, and then Mattie's golden head appeared behind the tree, and bending over her, in earnest conversation, stood Helena's truant partner, Arthur Mornington. It was as much as the mortified beauty could do to believe the evidence of her own eyes, and burning with rage and vexation, she touched Mrs. Gresham on the arm.

"Look, mamma, in there!" she said, pointing to the conservatory; "Mattie and—and—Arthur Mornington."

Rage prevented her saying more, and no sooner did Mrs. Gresham catch sight of Mattie, than she too, crimson with indignation, rose up, and sailed majestically into the conservatory, intending, as she said to Helena, to "send that impertinent, designing little minx home directly." But as soon as Arthur Mornington caught sight of her, he advanced eagerly towards her.

"You have just arrived in time, Mrs. Gresham, to present me formally to your step-daughter, who declares she must not dance with me without a proper introduction."

As he spoke he gave Mattie a mischievous side-glance, which Mrs. Gresham saw quite plainly, and which nearly caused her to choke with mortification; but she was too much a woman of the world to show her anger.

"Mattie can of course dance with such an old friend of mine as you are, Mr. Mornington," she replied, though somewhat stiffly; "that is, if you wish it. But really, she is only a little girl, and ought scarcely to have come to-night; and I think we had better be thinking of going—and——"

But Arthur interrupted the lady's voluble excuses, and pleaded so earnestly for "just one dance," that she could not, for very shame, refuse.

Mrs. Gresham, though she snubbed and ill-treated Mattie, was terribly afraid of the world's calling her "an unkind step-mother," so she accorded her permission for "one dance" as graciously as she could, and drawing her arm within his, Arthur led Mattie into the ball-room, where the band had just begun the "Guards' Waltz." Then Mattie's wish of an hour ago was gratified, and she was whirled round and round on that polished floor to her heart's content, her feet keeping time to the delicious music, and a confused mingling of many lights and faces passing before her eyes.

At last it was over, the music ceased, and Arthur Mornington led Mattie again into the dimly-lighted conservatory, where they stood by the side of a cool fountain, and talked and laughed more merrily than Mattie had ever laughed since she was a little child.

"How deliciously cool this water looked!" she said, as she stooped over the edge of the marble basin; then she thought how nice it would be to dip her hands into it, "those horrid gloves did make them so hot." And she pulled off one of the great clumsy things, and bathed her little dimpled fingers in the refreshing water.

Arthur Mornington thought he had never seen anything so exquisitely pretty as this simple unconscious girl, who might have stood for an "Undine," or "Water Nymph," as the subdued light fell on her rippling golden hair and small, white-robed form. In her perfect innocence and simplicity she fascinated him far more than the loveliest women he had ever met. But his dream was quick broken, and Mattie's pleasure, for that night, at least, was over. Mrs. Gresham, more overpoweringly majestic than ever, stalked up to them, and told Mattie that the carriage was waiting, and Rosalind and Helena were already in it. Then Arthur, seeing it was useless to intercede for a longer stay, offered his arm to the irate matron, and, with Mattie on the other side, led them down stairs, and saw them into the carriage.

After seeing the carriage drive off, Arthur returned to the ball-room, which had now lost the only attraction it had ever possessed for him. He sauntered into the conservatory, and back to the very spot where a moment ago Mattie had stood; as he approached it he caught sight of a glove lying on the marble edge of the fountain. He took it up eagerly; it was hers, he knew, for he remembered seeing her place it there; besides, he had noticed it at the time as being far too large for her tiny hand. Now it was, in spite of its ugliness, invested with a peculiar charm in his eyes, and he handled it very tenderly, as some precious relic, when suddenly he felt something hard in one of the fingers, and turning it back he discovered a small turquoise ring.

Meanwhile Mattie was being whirled home with her angry stepmother and sisters, who, from the moment they entered the carriage, never ceased to scold and abuse her for what they called her "bold, presuming behaviour!" But their words fell upon deaf ears, for Mattie's were full of the delightful evening she had spent; and she sat in a kind of dream, while the sharp clatter of voices went incessantly on, too much occupied with her own pleasant reflections to pay any heed to what they might say. So she shrank back farther and farther into her dark little corner, and only at intervals caught some echoes of the conversation. "Designing, artful, impudent hussy," were some of the mildest terms in which Mrs. Gresham, in her wrath, used to describe her, while Rosalind added her bitter sneers, and Helena wept with rage and mortification.

Mrs. Gresham thought she had schemed and plotted so cleverly to catch the rich Mr. Mornington for one of her own daughters, either the accomplished Rosalind or the beautiful Helena. He had seemed to admire them both; and now all her plans were frustrated by that stupid, quiet little Mattie, who had never a word to say for herself! It was too bad; and thus fuming within herself the angry lady poured out a perfect tirade of reproaches against the unconscious object of her wrath.

At last the carriage stopped at their own house, and the indignant mother and daughters hurried to their rooms, while Mattie, who had been harshly repulsed when she offered to accompany and assist them in undressing, crept silently up to her little bare room. Then, for the first time, she noticed the loss of her ring, and remembered that she had drawn off her glove when she was in the conservatory with Mr. Mornington. The ring was rather large for her finger, and she must have dropped it, she thought, into the fountain. The glove, too, was gone, and its loss would entail on her a good scolding from Helena; but this was nothing compared to the loss of her ring. It was her only ornament, and she valued it inexpressibly, for it had belonged to her mother. It was too small to fit either Rosalind or Helena, and too old-fashioned for them to care much about it; so Mattie had been allowed to keep it. It had been very precious to her, and now she cried with grief to think she should have lost it. But she was feeling too light-hearted and happy to grieve long over anything just then; so she dried her eyes, and after arranging her beautiful flowers in a little cracked tumbler, soon fell asleep, and dreamed balmy, blissful dreams, in which she seemed to see herself wandering through endless vistas of tropical plants and gorgeous, trailing creepers, with Arthur Mornington's low, soft voice murmuring in her ear.

The next morning Mattie sat, as usual, in the back dining-room, stitching away at some frills and flounces for Helena, and, in spite of the coldness and "snubbing" she received when either Mrs. Gresham or her daughters entered the room, she felt wonderfully happy, and hummed little low snatches of songs to herself, and thought over all the marvelous events of the last evening. She was just trying to remember something Arthur had told her, when Rosalind Vernon put her head in at the door, and, in her sharpest voice, exclaimed, "Come upstairs, Mattie; you are wanted."

As she vouchsafed no further explanation, Mattie silently followed her, expecting it was only to receive a scolding for some new misdemeanor; but as she entered the drawing-room, who should come forward to shake hands with her but Arthur Mornington himself, looking so kind and smiling, and then turning to a sweet old lady who sat beside him, he said, "This is Miss Gresham, mother."

The old lady, whom Mattie thought like some picture, with her snowy curls and kind, wrinkled face, looked scrutinizingly at her for a moment, with her keen, bright eyes, and then drew the blushing girl towards, her and kissed her affectionately.

"You and I must become better acquainted, child; for your mother, Mattie Lewis, was my dearest friend before she was married. Is your name Mattie, too?" she asked, passing her soft white hands caressingly over Mattie's golden curls.

Mattie thought it certainly must be all a dream. There sat Mrs. Gresham, looking quite amiable, and Rosalind smiling, not very satirically, while Helena simpered and talked with her most bewitching airs to Arthur Mornington, who did not, however, seem to pay much attention to her; his eyes continually wandered to the little figure in the neat but shabby gray dress, while he compared her in his mind to the beggar maid whom King Cophetua saw and loved.

So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been.

And if the "Beggar Maid" possessed one-half the charm of this simple, unconscious girl, Arthur Mornington could well understand the mighty monarch's sudden infatuation.

Then Arthur bethought him of the turquoise ring he had found, and utterly unheeding some question of Helena's, he turned to Mattie.

"I think you lost a possession of yours, last night, Miss Gresham?" he said.

"Oh, my ring!—my dear ring!—yes!" cried Mattie, turning round to him with flushed cheeks and clasped hands.

"Have you found it?" sneered Rosalind, in her most malicious manner, while she whispered to Helena, "Artful minx! Did you ever see such perfect acting?" But Arthur Mornington did not seem to regard Mattie's agitation in that light, for as he gave her back her ring, he told her how glad he was to be the means of restoring to her anything she prized so highly.

"I think I found something else belonging to you, too," he continued; "at least the ring was in it," he said, drawing out from his pocket the soiled, crumpled glove; "but it looks rather too large for you."

It certainly did look absurdly large as he held it up, the badly-shaped, dirty fingers sticking out in all directions; but poor Mattie stretched out her hand for it, blushing very much, and not daring to say that it did not belong to her. But Rosalind, who had an amiable weakness for attacking friend and foe alike, and who never scrupled to say a cutting thing to Helena if it suited her purpose, darted on the grotesque-looking object, and exclaimed, "Why, surely this is one of your gloves, Helena!"

"No, it isn't," answered Helena, quickly, blushing furiously all the time.

"But I know it is," continued Rosalind, remorselessly enjoying her misery. "I heard you say you would lend Mattie a pair last night, and it is too large for either mamma or me. You know you are the only one in the house who takes sevens;" and she tossed the obnoxious glove into Helena's lap, who dashed it from her, almost stamping with fury, and crying out, "It is not mine, the horrid thing! Take it away! How dare you say it is, Rosalind?"

Meanwhile Arthur Mornington sat a silent spectator of this charming little specimen of sisterly affection, with contempt and disgust depicted on his features, and it was with a feeling of relief that he turned away to watch Mattie, who was showing her ring to Mrs. Mornington, and listening with deep interest to the old lady's recollections of her own mamma, when the two were girls together. Then she talked to Mattie of her own life and pursuits; and though the poor child said little, Mrs. Mornington was far too clever and shrewd not to understand pretty clearly how matters stood, and to see through Mrs. Gresham's honeyed words and sweet smiles. She had dearly loved Mattie's mother, and there was something in the wan little face, and wistful beseeching eyes of the girl that strangely recalled the old friend of her youth. She felt sure the child was not happy, and determined to take her away, if possible, to a more genial atmosphere.

When Mrs. Mornington asked permission for Mattie to visit her for a month, Helena, who had now somewhat recovered her temper, and was trying by dint of her sweetest smiles to efface the remembrance of her fit of passion from Arthur Mornington's mind, could, a second time, scarcely command herself as she watched the pleased sparkle in his eyes. Mrs. Gresham was equally enraged, but she knew it would be worse than useless to betray her annoyance, so she answered as smilingly as she could that she "feared dear Mattie's studies must not be interrupted; she was just at the age when so much care was needed; at some future time perhaps she might pay dear Mrs. Mornington a short visit."

Mattie's blue eyes dilated in unmitigated astonishment as she listened to her step-mother's hypocritical speech. She thought the world must really be coming to an end for her to speak so affectionately; but she wondered a little why Mrs. Gresham should call "mending stockings and making dresses" her "studies!"

But old Mrs. Mornington was not to be put off so easily, and at last she pressed her invitation so warmly that Mrs. Gresham could not, without absolute rudeness, refuse.

Mattie could have danced for joy at such an unexpected treat, and she thought she should have fairly clapped her hands with glee when Mrs. Mornington said, "As my carriage is here, dear Mrs. Gresham, of course you won't object to Mattie's returning in it with me to Fulham, and I will send a servant in the evening for her boxes. I have ordered luncheon at two, and it is half-past one now; so run and put on your bonnet, child, and be quick!"

Mattie only waited for a cold nod of acquiescence from Mrs. Gresham—who did not dare to refuse the somewhat imperious old lady—to dart upstairs, and in five minutes she had put on her little brown hat and cloak, and descended once more to the drawing-room. Then came a most affectionate leave-taking, when Mattie stood in innocent bewilderment, while Mrs. Gresham and her daughters all kissed her, one after the other.

"It was very kind of them," Mattie thought, and she felt quite ashamed of herself as she remembered afterwards how she had drawn back a little from the sudden contact with Rosalind's sharp, wedge-shaped face; "she did look so much as if she wanted to bite me!" said Mattie to herself; "but then I ought not to have minded, for it was so kind of them to kiss me at all."

She never dreamed of questioning their motives, but accepted their apparent kindness with that true but rare charity "which thinketh no evil." But she had very little time for reflections of any sort when she reached "The Hermitage," where all was so new and strangely beautiful to her. Arthur thought he should never be tired of showing her all over the house and listening to her bright, intelligent questions, as they lingered before each exquisite gem of art and taste.

In the picture gallery Mattie was in her element; and as she gazed at the works of bygone and living artists, and heard Arthur's clear remarks on each, she felt as if she could never tear herself away.

Every day brought with it some new pleasure for Mattie. For the first time since her mother's death she tasted the delights of tender, affectionate care and sympathy. She became a different creature in this new life; and her pretty, loving ways, and happy disposition, soon won her a firm place in old Mrs. Mornington's heart; while, as for Arthur, he discovered a fresh charm every day in this little blue-eyed girl, whom he had seen flitting about the conservatory on that memorable night. Many a pleasant *tete-a-tete* had they since enjoyed in that lovely spot; and it was beside that same cool fountain that Arthur at last whispered "the old, old tale" into Mattie's willing ears, and asked her to become his own little wife.

When Mrs. Gresham heard the news they could scarcely find terms strong enough to express their indignation at what they called Mattie's "mean, designing, artful behavior;" but they were compelled to smother their feelings, and treat her, outwardly at least, with kindness.

When Mattie, soon afterwards, became Mrs. Arthur Mornington, and mistress of the Hermitage, she forgot all the slights and ill-treatment she had received from her step-sisters, and endeavored, as much as possible, to share with them her advantages of wealth and position. They partook eagerly enough of all she could offer; but in their hearts they never quite forgave her the happiness which her simplicity and gentleness alone had won her.

Rosalind married a very meek High church curate, whose subsequent life with his amiable spouse might, in its daily martyrdom, have rivalled that of the most long-suffering and tortured saint in the calendar. Helena is still unmarried, not having found any one rich enough to suit her. Her beauty is somewhat faded, and her temper not of the sweetest, so that she bids fair to become what some spiteful young ladies already call her, "a cross old maid." As for Mattie, there is little more to be said of her. Blessed with riches and position, and the devoted love of a noble-hearted husband, she lives, in an atmosphere of gentleness and kindness very different from that in which the early days of her girlhood were passed. She has never ceased to bless the occasion on which she wore Helena's old gloves, and still treasures the remaining one as a memorial of the happy day when she first met and was loved by Arthur Mornington.

[THE END.]

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

OVER THE WAY.

BY T. E. D.

The house is closed that used to ring
With voices glad, and boyish mirth;
And she, who was the moving spring
Of all, has vanished from the earth.

I miss the pleasant cheery smile,
That greeted me across the way,
The voice so frank, and free from guile,
Which *meant* all that she had to say.

I miss the light that used to shine
So late and long, so long and late;
I knew, while sweetest sleep was mine,
That she could only watch and wait.

O brave true heart! a welcome guest
Death came to thee, no fear was thine;
For it was Life, and Peace, and Rest,
And the Infolding Love Divine!

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—"How long have you been in England?" was the question put by a young Englishman to a young American at a public dinner the other evening. "About two weeks," was the reply. "Really," was the rejoinder of young John Bull, "and I notice you talk our language as well as we do!" "Yes," was the reply of Brother Jonathan, "I have not been here long enough to forget how to speak it." A colored American paid a visit several months ago to a great English abolitionist, and was invited to stay over night. He was as black as ebony, and although his manners were perfect and his conversation refined, he was not the less a curiosity to the servants who had never before seen a black man. The next morning, after he had left his bedroom, the chambermaid, the cook, the butler, and the coachman all rushed up stairs to ascertain whether he had not blackened the sheets of the bed. I met a very agreeable Italian last winter at Geneva, who had travelled much in the United States, and while stopping in Philadelphia he received a letter from a friend, who asked him to collect a sum of money that was owing to him in America. The debtor lived at Montevideo, and the creditor thought it could not be far from New York or Philadelphia, and that it would give his friend no trouble to drop in and procure the money. Many of them believe that California is not a part of the United States, and only three evenings ago I received a note from the man who sells me segars, addressed to Mr. California, telling me he had just procured a choice new brand. An English lady, who knows our country from Maine to Mexico, does not hesitate to say that many of her English friends sincerely believe that an American is an Indian, wearing moccasins, blankets, and rejoicing in a head full of feathers.

JOHN BRIGHT ON FUNERAL REFORM.—The following letter will be read with great interest by all who are concerned in the important work of funeral reform:—

Dear Sir,—If your friends, or any sensible people, wish to reform the funeral exhibitions and funeral expenses, let them observe and copy the practice of the sect to which I belong—that of the Society of Friends. Nothing can be more simple, and nothing can be better. They would be wise, also to follow them in rejecting the fashion of wearing mourning, which is always costly, and, as worn by many women, hideous. I am sorry to say, however, that the wearing of mourning has, of late, been rather increasing with Friends, among whom are many who, apparently, cannot comprehend, and do not value, the principles on which the practice of their forefathers was based. I thank you for sending me your pamphlet, and am very respectfully yours, JOHN BRIGHT.

Mr. George H. Phillips.

Miss Alcott approves of the custom of making calls; thinks it a pleasant and beautiful one, for both ladies and gentlemen, and wishes it would become more common in Boston, where it has only been introduced of late. But this refined woman, whose ear is accustomed to pleasant sounds, and who has a delicate and somewhat nervous organization, decidedly objects to the way we ushered in the new year. The shrieking of steam whistles, blowing tin horns, and the clanging of fire bells, does not, in Miss Alcott's mind, argue that we have reached the very highest state of civilization. That she will not probably live until the Yankee nation celebrates another centennial. Miss Alcott by no means contemplates with feelings of regret.

Charles Kent, of the Middle Temple, is bringing out a new edition of "The Works of Charles Lamb." He gives, for the first time, the true story of Barbara S——. He has, also, in the memoir prefixed to the book, settled the date of Lamb's birth. Barry Cornwall put it as the eighteenth of February, and Mr. John Foster as the eleventh; but both prove to be wrong. He has also shown that the usual idea that there were only three of the family—John, Mary and Charles—is a mistake; there were more than six. For frontispiece he has given a hitherto unengraved portrait of Lamb in the possession of Sir Charles Dilke, for which Lamb sat to Henry Meyer, of Red Lion Square, somewhere about 1827. Numerous *fac similes* are added.

A young lawyer of Indianapolis has recently given evidence of sublimity of impudence before which the cheek of a lightning-rod man is the veriest modesty. Having asked a young lady to appoint a day when she would like to go driving, he added: "In this connection I will say that I am only a poor young lawyer who has expended his all to get an education to fit himself for the practice of his profession. Were I situated as I once was I would proceed differently, but as it is I hesitate not to say that my purse will not allow me to expend money for pleasure, and knowing that you have ample means I have no doubt you will be pleased to bear the expense of the proposed buggy ride."

Although sixty-eight years of age, Miss Mary Carpenter, the English philanthropist, has undertaken another tour of India in the interests of prison reform.

DIVORCED.

BY ROSE TERRY.

"Custody of the child given to the father."

My darling! my darling! the midnight is here
To stifle and tempt me with longing and fear;
I hear through the darkness thy sweet little voice,
Like birds in their nests that in slumber rejoice.

My darling! my darling! a long night has come;
I am straying alone in the ashes of home
Its echoes of love and their answers of peace—
All voices that blessed me in solitude cease.

I gave them my love as our Father gives air;
I gave them my life without stint or compare:
They used me and left me to die by the way;
My darling! my love! thou wert kinder than they.

From thee in thy blossom, the sweetness of dawn,
The perfume and faith of thy life are not gone;
Thou lovest for love's sake, not duty, nor gain;
Life hath not defiled thee, nor sorrow, nor pain.

Oh! would that together in some quiet grave,
Or deep in the ocean's long sorrowing wave,
Thy tiny arms round me, thy head on my breast,
We two lay forever in passionless rest.

In the night and the daytime I long for thy face:
I dream that thou liest at rest in thy place;
I waken and call thee with pitiful prayer—
My darling! my darling! why art thou not there?

O God! when Thou judgest the false and the true—
When the madness and passion of living are through—
I ask of Thee only to give me above
This baby, who only hath answered my love!

"NEVER GIVE UP THE SHIP."

The Story of Commodore Perry's Flag-Ship and His Famous Victory.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* has interviewed Mr. John Norris the only survivor of Commodore Perry's famous victory on Lake Erie in his flag-ship Lawrence, which was lately raised, it will be remembered, at Misery bay, Erie harbor, and will probably be exhibited at the centennial. Mr. Norris is now in his 84th year and resides at Petersburg, Ky., where he recited to his newspaper visitor the following interesting narrative:—

"I enlisted from Mason county, Ky., in May, 1813, and was soon after mustered at the old barracks in Newport in a company of cavalry, Capt. John Payne or Augusta commander. The company was made up of men from Mason, Bracken, Lewis, Lemon and Fayette counties, and was mustered in for six months. We were assigned to Col Johnson's three-months' regiment—nearly all the members of which were also from Kentucky—and we then began scouring the Indian country toward northern Ohio. We stopped in Fort Meigs and in Camp Seneca, on the Sandusky river, then in command of Gen Harrison, and then we joined Col. Ball's forces from Maryland, and proceeded down toward Lower Sandusky. We were armed with swords and pistols. On our way down, our advance guard was ambushed by a party of Indians, numbering only 13. This provoked an attack from our whole army, and the Indians were all slain. After the skirmish, as each man came filing back into line, over 50 men individually claimed to have "bloodied" their swords in the heart of a live Indian. Each of 50 men had killed a savage when there was only 13 savages to kill. I didn't "bloody my sword." About this place and Seneca we skirmished, the most of the summer, carrying on a sort of predatory warfare. Toward the latter part of the season Commodore Perry sent word down to Gen. Harrison that he wanted a company of fighting men, and Gen Harrison dispatched a messenger over to our company asking for volunteers. The general had tickled the pride of us Kentuckians by saying we did not know when we were whipped, and when he sent his messenger he sent him with instructions to ask for volunteers only. The messenger came to our company. I had been eager to see some good fighting before my six months term expired. As I heard the message delivered, therefore, I jumped at the chance and was the first to exclaim, "I am one to go." "I am second," "I am third," etc., in quick succession passed down the line, until 20 men from our company had volunteered their services. We were taken down the Sandusky, the next day, to Perry's fleet, which was lying at Portage, near what is now called Sandusky City, and were placed on board the Caledonia, commanded by Capt. Turner. This was toward the latter part of August; I don't just remember the day. The commodore had made several ineffectual efforts to induce the British commander to come out from his stronghold in Malden and engage him, but the wily old Britisher did not respond. He maintained his dignity, and strengthened himself by building and manning another vessel called the Detroit, and by cruising about on his own side of the lake, out of reach of Perry. We had eight vessels and the British only six, but these were manned with more men and heavier guns. If I remember rightly, we had only 50 guns, while John Bull had nearly or quite 60.

Early on the morning of the 10th of September, I was sleeping on the deck of the Caledonia, and, being suddenly awakened by hearing men talk excitedly, I inquired the cause. I was told that the long-wished-for time was near at hand—that the enemy was approaching us. With the naked eye I could see nothing; but being proffered a spy-glass, I for the first time beheld the British squadron in battle array. For a moment the prospect was not cheering, and my knees in spite of me would smite each other. This kind of feeling did not last long however. The hurry and bustle of preparation gave no time for fear, and when at noon we came together my knees were ready to do my bidding. The blue bunting, with the words of the dying Lawrence, "Never give up the ship!" in white letters was run up to the masthead of Perry's ship, the Lawrence, and then the terrible battle began. Prior to this, and while drilling, it had generally required six and eight men to move the 34-pounders with which the Caledonia was armed; now, in the excitement of battle, three of us could load and fire our gun as often as one could an ordinary musket. So long as we saw our banner flying from the mast of the Lawrence we felt to fight like tigers. Suddenly, however, we saw the old flag coming down. Never could I forget the feelings I then experienced. I thought the day was lost and that the glory we had dreamed of was gone. I wanted to die. Yet we fought on, but without spirit. Meantime we saw a small row-boat leaving the Lawrence, manned by six men and suddenly we saw an officer rise up in that boat and fling out the same old banner that had waved from the Lawrence, and then our spirits took new courage. We knew that officer to be our commodore, and we knew, too, that the day was not lost. We saw the frail boat making for the Niagara, and soon we saw the old banner climbing the Niagara's mast, and a cheer went up and the struggle was renewed. The Niagara pushed in between the enemy's men-of-war's-men, and vomited forth her broadsides. From Perry came the order to the Caledonia to close up nearer and let the enemy have it fresh from the mouths of our 24 pounders. The order was no sooner given than we did close up, and so did the whole line. The effect was terrible, and the British pride was soon conquered. One by one the enemy's flags kissed the deck, and one by one his guns ceased to speak, until, just before 4 o'clock, three hours and forty minutes after the struggle began, the last gun was fired. That last gun was on the Caledonia, and was the one manned by myself and others, and not by Stephen Chaplain, as has been before stated. And it was the last shot the gun ever fired, for she had then become disabled. At her breech she had a seam wide enough to insert a case-knife. This seam I discovered, and when calling Capt. Turner's attention to it he said: "My God, how we have escaped! Another fire, and we would have been blown to atoms!" I know that after this there was not another shot fired, and I can recall all the circumstances.

We on the Caledonia felt very proud. We felt proud when we learned of the commodore's message—"We have met the enemy and they are ours," and we felt proud when we heard that in his official report he would say "the Caledonia did more real damage to the enemy than any other vessel," and my Kentucky pride swelled, I can tell you, when Col. Todd told me that he heard Commodore Perry say to Gen. Harrison, when talking of the men which the latter had sent him, that if it had not been for those 20 men sent him from Seneca he believed he would have lost the battle. I escaped without a scratch, though on the deck of the Caledonia it would have been hard, after the battle, to have found a spot larger than your hand where a cannon ball had not done some damage. The dead and wounded cared for, the dead privates heaved into the lake and the officers carried ashore and buried, we soon after left the Caledonia, and after a short trip from Malden we were again made "land-lubbers." Soon after this change, our time expired, and back to Washington, Mason county, Kentucky, we marched, where we were mustered out. In honor of this event a grand champagne supper was given us, in the midst of which Capt. Graham of the regular army proposed, I think for the first time, this toast, so often quoted, "Here's champagne to our real friends and real pain to our sham friends." At this, an appropriate ending, Mr. Norris ceased his reminiscence and insisted upon my friend and myself partaking of his hospitality under his own roof. We were not reluctant in accepting, and while there were shown a medal which the Kentucky Legislature presented Mr. Norris in 1860. It is of gold, somewhat larger than a double eagle, and on one side is represented the battle of Lake Erie in relief, inscribed around which are the immortal words, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." Under this representation is:—

"Lake Erie, September 10, 1813."

On the opposite side is:—

"To John Norris, by Resolution of the Kentucky Legislature,
February 11, 1860."

Four of these medals were struck at that time, and besides the one to Mr. Norris, one was given to the late Dr. Tolliver, of Cincinnati; one to James Artist, living near Maysville, Kentucky, but lately deceased, and one to John Tucker, of Mason county, Ky., who died some years since.

From Scribner's Monthly.

THE MARRIAGE KNOT.

BY RICHARD H. STODDARD.

I know a bright and beauteous May,
Who knows I love her well;
But if she loves, or will some day,
I cannot make her tell.
She sings the songs I write for her,
Of tender hearts betrayed;
But not the one that I prefer,
About a country maid.
The hour when I its burden hear
Will never be forgot:
"Oh stay not long! but come, my dear,
And knit our marriage knot!"

It is about a country maid—
I see her in my mind;
She is not of her love afraid,
And cannot be unkind.
She knits and sings with many a sigh,
And, as her needles glide,
She wishes, and she wonder why
He is not at her side.
"He promised he would meet me here,
Upon this very spot;
Oh, stay not long! but come, my dear,
And knit our marriage knot!"

My lady will not sing the song.
"Why not?" I say. And she,
Tossing her head, "It is too long."
And I, "Too short, may be."
She has her little wilful way;
But I persist, and then,
"It is not maidenly," she says,
"For maids to sigh for men."
"But men must sigh for maids, I fear;
I know it is my lot,
Until you whisper, 'Come, my dear,
And knit our marriage knot!'"

Why is my little one so coy?
Why does she use me so?
I'm not a fond and foolish boy
To lightly come and go
A man who loves, I know my heart,
And who will know hers ere long,
For, certes, I will not depart
Until she sings my song!
She learned it all, as you shall hear,
No word has she forgot:
"Begin my dearest." "Come, my dear,
And knit our marriage knot!"

UGLY CELEBRITIES.—Among celebrated ugly people one may mention Margaerite, Countess of Tyrol, whose portrait adds another terror to the Versailles Gallery; Leoncius Palatus, a Greek scholar of the fourteenth century; Giotto Campagni, an Italian writer of the fifteenth century; De la Tremouille, the friend of Madame de Sevigne; the famous visionary, Bourignon; Saint Martin, the French *litterateur* of the seventeenth century; Mlle de Scuderi, the novelist; Delille, Florian; our own Gibbon; Chauvelin, the great adversary of the Jesuits; the epicure Grimrod de la Reyniere; Maribeau, Danton, Grassi, and our own Charles Matthews the elder, who was as ugly as Lekain his rival in dramatic glory. The ugliness of Polisson has become proverbial, and some good stories are told about it. One recounts how he was one day requested by a lady to sit for a picture of the devil; and one says they were hesitating to propose the Jesuit Marlineau as confessor to the Duke of Burgundy, because of his repulsive figure, the prince said, "Bah! nothing could frighten a man who has set eyes on Polisson." The great moralist Vauvenargues was so disfigured with small-pox that he could not go into society. The Prussian naturalist, Hilsenberg, was popularly called *courcoudouc*, which being translated stands for barn owl. He had a supernaturally white complexion; his hair and eyebrows were very light, while the membrane round the eyelids was very red—suggesting forcibly the apparition of that bird of night to which he was so unkindly likened. Becker, the German author, who was also partially ill-favored in his person, was famous for his denial of the existence of the devil; whence the epigram, "Yes, by you the power of Satan has been broken; but you have not yet done everything that is necessary. If you wish to obliterate altogether our notion of his majesty—Becker, suppress your portrait." A very similar compliment was paid to Saint Farlan, the translator of the "Metamorphoses of Ovid," whose ugliness was the object of the constant sarcasm of his contemporaries.

Prof. Tyndall has sent to *The London Times* some remarkable extracts from a letter of a Bishop of Montpellier addressed to the Deans and Professors of the Faculties thereof. In these extracts the absolute right of the Church to teach mankind is proclaimed. "She holds herself to be the depositary of the truth—not a fragmentary truth, incomplete, a mixture of certainty and hesitation, but the total truth, complete, from a religious point of view." On the ground of her infallibility he declares that "even in the natural order of things, scientific or philosophical moral, or political, she will not admit that a system can be adopted and sustained by Christians if it contradict definite dogmas." After naming the spiritual penalties affixed to a denial of doctrine, the Bishop proceeds to quote Pope Leo X.'s definition of truth at the Sixth Council of the Lateran, and draws therefrom his conclusion: "Without entering into the examination of this or that question of physiology, but solely by the certitude of our dogmas, we are able to pronounce judgment on any hypothesis which is an anti-Christian's engine of war rather than a serious conquest over the secrets and mysteries of nature." Commenting with his accustomed force upon these declarations, Prof. Tyndall says: "Liberty is a fine word, tyranny a hateful one, and both have been eloquently employed of late in reference to the dealings of the secular arm with the pretentions of the Vatican. But 'liberty' has two mutually exclusive meanings—the liberty of Rome to teach mankind, and the liberty of the human race. Neither reconcilement nor compromise is possible here. One liberty or the other must go down. This, in our day, is the 'conflict' so impressively described by Draper, in which every thoughtful man must take a part."

The Rev. Bernard Keenan, of St. Mary's Catholic Church, Lancaster, Pa., is now the oldest clergyman in the United States He was born at Tyrone, Ireland, ninety-seven years ago, and came to this country in November, 1820, with Dr. Conwell, who had been consecrated Bishop of Philadelphia, in London. Three years later he went to Lancaster, and has been pastor of St. Mary's without interruption for fifty-four years, winning the esteem and confidence of the entire community, irrespective of religious opinions.

Seldom upon lips of mine,
Father! rests that name of Thine—
Deep within my inmost breast,
In the secret place of mind,
Like an awful presence shrined,
Doth the dread idea rest!
Hushed and holy dwells it there,
Prompter of the silent prayer,
Lifting up my spirit's eye
And its faint, but earnest cry,
From its dark and cold abode,
Unto Thee, my Guide and God.—*Lamartine.*

Jones had prepared himself for a home dinner to his liking. He sat down in his dining-room at peace with all the world, and said, "Now, Hannah, bring the cold mutton. No hot meat for me this weather." Hannah hesitated for a minute and said, "But I done give it away, sir." "Give it away! Give my dinner away?" "Yes sir. You said if any tramps called I was to give them the cold shoulder."

Be careful how you go to sleep at an auction. A gentleman settled himself in a comfortable chair, and, his senses soothed by the auctioneer's lullaby, soon dropped asleep. When his nap was over he left the place. The next day he was astounded at the receipt of a bill for several hundred dollars' worth of carpets and other things. The auctioneer had received his somnambulous nods for bids.

TEMPER.—"I don't know where that boy got his bad temper—not from me, I'm sure," said a slightly irritated father one day. "No," said his sarcastic wife, "you've certainly not lost yours." The head of the family subsided.

From the Pittsburg Leader.

A REMARKABLE BLIND WOMAN.

Blind people can be taught to perform some work as well, even better, than those who have their sight. The probable reason of their excelling in things which they are able to do is because they have so few things to do, and so, of course, can spend more time on them. But there are blind people who can do so many things that it is hard to think what kind of work they can't do. During the past week it was the fortune of the reporter to come into the sphere of one such person—a woman, whose accomplishments—practical accomplishments—are almost inconceivable, and certainly very creditable. Toward the upper end of Fourth avenue, with an acquaintance of the woman in question, the reporter hied, determined to see for himself what had been told concerning her. She keeps a store at 105 Fourth avenue. The store-room is not of a very commanding appearance, but it is the very essence of neatness. It is small, very small, and here this blind woman deals out goods to her customers. She sells all kinds of cakes, candies, notions, etc. A customer came in while the reporter was there and made known what was desired. Away she flew to where the article was—for she has a regular place for everything she sells, and can lay her hand on the right article without any hesitation. She then weighed out the amount desired and took the money. It was all right—the exact amount. Another customer comes in and buys five cents' worth of candy and hands her a quarter. Twenty cents are handed back without hesitation. On inquiring how she could tell the amount of money handed to her, she said she could tell the coin by feeling the size of it, and in the same way she could tell the denomination of the fractional currency. As to bills, she was unable to tell their denomination, as they were all the same size and no difference in the paper. When money of the latter description was handed her she always—when the purchaser was a stranger, and so, of course, could not be trusted—she would show the bill to some friend to find its value. Her money-drawer is divided into compartments, and in each compartment one denomination of money is kept, by which mode of arrangement she can quickly make change. People do not try to cheat her, and if they would do so it is highly probable that they would most signally fail. To see the way she handles the money and hands out the articles, a stranger would hardly know but that she could see, and it is probable would not believe that it was so upon first being told the fact.

To prevent thieves from reaching and appropriating articles right before her eyes, the greater part of the goods are kept on shelves back of the counter against the wall. Some more are in the show-case, and others occupy a position on the counter, but are protected from the snatching thief by a wire netting. Not a single thing can be touched without coming over the counter.

In the purchasing of her stock she seldom gets imposed upon. The goods are brought to her door, and when she buys a certain number of pounds of anything she weighs it on her scales before taking it. In other purchases she can tell by the feel whether the thing is just what it is represented to be or not. If she should happen to be imposed upon by any seller it would be a useless waste of time for him to come to sell to her again. Everything about the store is attended to by her. She sweeps, dusts, scrubs, takes down the jars of candy, washes the shelves and replaces the jars in their proper positions, etc., etc. Outside of the regular store work she is able to cut out, without a pattern, a dress, and sew it all herself. To thread the needle she uses her tongue. One dress, which she had just completed, was shown, and for neatness of finish it could not be excelled. Every button was in its proper position, right opposite the button-holes. Bead-work seems to be her great forte, however. She makes bead flags, bead chains, houses, cradles, and, in fact, almost everything you can think of. She said she had taken prizes at several fairs for this kind of work. She had thought of sending some specimens to the Exhibition, but when she had exhibited at fairs people would come around admire the work, be astonished, and then, as was natural, would pity the the worker of them, their latter talk being very grating to her nature.

She attended, for some time, the Philadelphia Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, and it was there that she learned her accomplishments. For excellency in fancy work, she was awarded a silver medal while a scholar at the above institution. On it was inscribed, on one side, "To Mary Quinliven, for fancy work, June 20, 1864," and on the other, "Reward of Merit," and around the edge the name of the institution. A year ago she started the store, not knowing anything about business. Her friends thought she could not succeed, and tried to dissuade her from her purpose; but she was possessed of an independent spirit, and desired to earn her own living, feeling too much honest pride about living off her friends, although they were perfectly willing that she should do so. She has overcome all the difficulties store-keeping, and is getting along very successfully. During all the time she has not been absent from the store a single night.

She is very independent and extremely sensitive about being pitied. When talking of how she has succeeded in her business, she says she feels very well satisfied with her success, but if she could only see a little—just a very little—she would get along so much better; then it would be nothing to keep store. And such is the little blind woman and the work she is accomplishing.

Upon the valley's lap
The liberal morning throws
A thousand drops of dew,
To wake a single rose.
Thus often, in the course
Of Life's few fleeting years,
A single pleasure costs
The soul a thousand tears.

WHY HE BOUGHT THE TIGER.—Those who attended the sale of animals from Barnum's hippodrome in Bridgeport, the other day, report the following occurrence: A tiger was being offered. The bid ran up to $4,500. This was made by a man who was a stranger, and to him it was knocked down. Barnum, who had been eyeing the stranger during the bidding, now went up to him and said:

"Pardon me for asking the question, but will you tell me where you are from?"

"Down South a bit," responded the man.

"Are you connected with any show?"

"No."

"And are you buying the animal for yourself?"

"Yes."

Barnum shifted about uneasily for a moment, looked alternately at the man and the tiger, and evidently trying his best to reconcile the two together.

"Now, young man," he finally said, "you need not take this animal unless you want to, for there are those here who will take it off your hands."

"I don't want to sell," was the quiet reply.

"What on earth are you going to do with such an ugly beast if you have no show of your own, and not buying for some one who is a showman?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the purchaser. "My wife died about three weeks ago. We had lived together for ten years, and—I miss her." He paused to wipe his eyes and steady his voice, and then added—"so I've bought this tiger."

"I understand you," said the great showman in a husky voice.—*Danbury News.*

Lully, the composer, was dangerously ill. A confessor told him, there was only one way by which he could obtain absolution, and that was by burning all that he had composed of an unpublished opera. Lully burnt his music. On his recovery a nobleman said, "You have burnt your opera; and you are really such a blockhead." "Stop, my friend, stop," said Lully, whispering in his ear, "I knew very well what I was about; I have another copy."

Fuseli the painter, had a great dislike to the species of conversation known as "tattle." Once, when sitting in his room among some trifling visitors who were discussing the weather and such like interesting subjects, he burst forth with a—"We had pork for dinner to-day!" "Dear! Mr. Fusseli, what an odd remark!" exclaimed one. "Why," replied he, "it's as good as anything you've been saying for the last hour."

TO LAURA.—Dear Laura, when you were a flirting young miss, and I was your dutiful swain, your smiles could exalt to the summit of bliss, your frowns o'erwhelm me with pain: you were dear to me then, love, but now you're my wife, it is strange the fond tie should be dearer; but when I am paying your bills, on my life, you seem to get dearer and dearer!

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

THERE IS NO HELL.

BY FAITH.

"The will, to read God's holy word,
To mark its precept well;
Which teach us there is bliss in heaven,
And that there is a Hell."—*Rev. J. C. Hyde.*

The wise, and the all-loving Father,
Never on mortal man,
Has placed the deadly ban
Of everlasting pain.
There is no Hell!

The Universe is full of voices;
Listen, I beseech thee,
For they will teach thee,
The good God loveth us.
There is no Hell!

The wild birds sing it;
Even the tiny flower
That liveth but an hour,
Attest His loving care.
There is no Hell!

All the mountains proclaim it,
The rivers, and the seas,
The strong wind, the light breeze
Say it forevermore.
There is no Hell!

It is written on the Heavens
In characters of light
By the burning stars of night;
Look up, and thou shalt see—
There is no Hell.

BITING THE THUMB.—Scott whose habit of writing notes to his works might be advantageously imitated by the poets of the present day—says that to bite the glove or the thumb was a border pledge of mortal revenge; and in illustration relates how a young Teviotdale laird upon discovering on the morrow of a hard drinking bout that his glove had been bitten, insisted upon knowing with whom he had quarrelled, as he must have satisfaction, although he remembered nothing at all about the matter. His curiosity was gratified, and he fell, as he deserved to do, in the duel. In England thumb-biting was practiced to goad an adversary into fighting. Dekker tells us that St. Paul's Walk was notable for shoulderings, jeerings, and biting of thumbs to beget quarrels; and Shakespeare imports the fashion into Verona. When Gregory and Sampson espy two Montague men, out fly their swords: but prudent Sampson, to compel the other to take the initiative, bites his thumb at them, "which is a disgrace if they bear it." Challenged with the question "Did you bite your thumb at me, sir?" he replies, "No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb!" and in a few minutes the fray begins. It was not absolutely necessary to put the thumb to the mouth. In 1291 a rude fellow was sent to prison for casting vile contempt upon the clerk of the sheriff of London, by raising his thumb and saying, "Iphurt, Iphurt!" in manifest contempt of our lord the king." If one Neapolitan wishes to anger another, he places the palm of the right hand on the back of the left and shakes the crossed thumbs, symbolical of donkey's ears, at him; a pleasant bit of pantomime answering to the "taking a sight" popular elsewhere—a sign of contemptuous defiance, said to be at least as old as ancient Assyria. At any rate, it is as old as Rabelais, who thus describes Panurge receiving Thaumaste: "Panurge suddenly lifted up in the air his right hand and put the thumb thereof into the nostril of the same side, holding his four fingers straight out and closed orderly in a parallel line to the point of his nose, shutting the left eye wholly and making the other wink with profound depression of the eyebrows and eyelids. Then lifted he up his left hand, with hard wringing and stretching forth of his four fingers, and elevating his thumb, which he held in a line directly correspondent to the situation of his right hand, with the distance of a cubit and a half between them. This done, in the same form he abased toward the ground both the one and the other hand. Lastly, he held them in the midst, as aiming at the Englishman's nose." Bon Gaultier's line, "Coffee-milling, care, and sorrow, with a nose-adapted thumb," is explained by "Jabez," in Notes and Queries, as having reference to another way of taking a sight, on which the closed right hand was made to revolve round the little finger of the left. He laments that the degenerate school-boy of our day only takes a modified sight, consisting of the right hand locked, with the first finger applied to the nose and the thumb to the chin. The change is to be deplored, but the new method is as effectually provocative of a row as the old and what more does a boy want?—*All the Year Round.*

THOMAS CARLYLE.—While I was searching about the comfortable little room for other characteristic nick nacks, in walked one of Mr. Carlyle's three brothers—a white-haired, genial old gentleman and physician by profession, Carlyle, so his brother informed me, is now 79 years of age, and possesses the same iron nerve and gritty determination as when he wrote "Sartor Resartus." He walks regularly before breakfast along the stone embankment of the Thames and takes more exercise in the afternoons in one of the parks. After breakfast he attends to his correspondence, which of late years has increased to an annoying extent. Letters are sent by his admirers from every quarter of the civilized world, and many go into the waste basket unopened. "But what troubles my brother most keenly," continued the courteous Dr. Carlyle, "is that the nerves of his hand are so shattered that he cannot write himself." He is obliged to employ an amanuensis, and that is a serious drawback to one who has been accustomed to do his thinking with a quill in his hand. Before his afternoon walk he is accustomed to receive a limited number of visitors; but his evenings are entirely his own. He shuts himself up in his study and will see no one. Twelve years ago, however when his wife was living, he was in the habit of entertaining considerably in the evenings. Twenty miles is the greatest distance he separates himself from home, and that only for two months of the year; for he hates the railway and steamboat, and like Ruskin, looks back with envious eyes on the good old stage-coach days. When I referred to the complex and barbarous style for which Carlyle has been so ruthlessly censured by literary critics, I was assured that it was a perfectly natural style, and like a mountain stream, flowed rapidly on, with neither pause nor digression. I was astonished to hear that Carlyle always aimed to use the simplest language in explaining his pet theories.—*Correspondence of the N. Y. Independent.*

A collection of Prince Bismarck's private letters has been published by a Paris journal. Here is an extract from one written from Berlin, to his wife in 1862: "Here I am sitting in full Parliament. In front of me in the tribune is a speaker who is pitching into me, and to whom I am about to reply. In the meantime, I send you news of my health. A good deal of work—a good deal of trouble; but not enough sleep. However as in everything, the beginning is difficult. With the aid of God things will grow better. Still, living in a glass house is not comfortable. By the by, I discover I have begun this letter on the wrong page. Let us hope it will not be a bad omen. I dine every night with the Roons; but for them and my sorrel mare I should feel very lonely."

A rosy-cheeked, six-year-old Mercury yesterday walked solemnly into the ante-room of the Mayor's office, and set the doorkeeper into a roar of laughter by asking, with bashful earnestness, "Please can two persons be married?" "Are you one of the parties?" asked the officer, smiling. "No, Sir, please," was the reply, "but my boss sent me." "Who is your boss?" "I don't know, Sir; but they be French persons who wish, by the Mayor, to be married on Saturday, and, please, can they be married when they be French?" The little fellow was assured that being French was not considered a bar to marriage by the Mayor, and he went away with a satisfied air.

A correspondent sends the following reminiscence: When Congressman Lamar was returning home at the close of the session of Congress in 1860, a newsboy on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad insisted that he should purchase a book he repeatedly offered him. Annoyed by his pertinacity and anxious to be rid of him, Mr. Lamar said to him, with a wave of his hand, "Oh, pshaw! don't bother me so. I wrote the book." Quick as a thought the little fellow answered, "Ah! now I know. That's what makes it so darned hard to sell."

"Dear! Dear!"—Ancient Maiden—"What is the price of beef to-day, Mr. Frost?" Butcher—"Fifteen pence a pound, Miss!" Ancient Maiden—"Fifteen pence a pound! Why you are a dear butcher!" Butcher—"Why—eh—yes—thank you, Miss, that's just what Mrs. Frost used to say before I married her!"—*London Fun.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

Charles Keen said a bad horse was like a poor play—it can't run, and won't draw.

When a man thinks the world owes him a living he generally quits working for it.

A worn-out parent in Chicago has named his baby Macbeth, because he hath murdered sleep.

"If there is anything which will make my mouth water," said an old toper, "I don't want to see it."

"Did my moustache trouble you?" said he to her. "No," she sighed, "I only felt a little down in the mouth."

When a physician deserts his profession for the pulpit the inference is that he can preach better than he can practice.

Mr. Gough thinks it is better for a woman to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because she is married.

The widow of the Rev. William Livesy is preaching in the Methodist pulpit in Braintree, Mass., made vacant by the death of her husband.

At its late session in Charleston, the South Carolina Annual Conference passed a resolution forbidding Methodist ministers attending circuses.

"What becomes of dogs when they die?" was what a juvenile in Burlington asked his pa. "They go to the happy land of canine," he quickly replied.

Schoolmistress—"Johnny, I'm ashamed of you. When I was your age I could read as well as I do now." "Aw, but you'd a different teacher to what we've got."

A mother had repeatedly called her little son to come and say his prayers, as it was bedtime. Finally he stopped his play and said: "What's the matter, mamma, is God in a hurry?"

"Pa," said a lad to his father, "I have often read of people poor but honest; why don't they sometimes say rich but honest?" "Tut, tut, my son, nobody would believe them," answered the father.

A darkey, left in charge of a telegraph office while the operator went to dinner, heard some one "call" over the wires, and began shouting at the instrument, "De operator isn't yer!" The noise ceased.

"Can you calculate interest?" asked the Judge of a person called as a juror who very innocently replied: "Yes, sir, I think I, can when I hear the evidence." He was a little nonplussed on being asked to stand aside.

During the trial of a police case a witness was asked if he was well acquainted with the prisoner. He said he was. "How well?" was asked. "Well enough to go in his house without knocking," was the comprehensive reply.

One of the teachers in a public school at Taunton wishing to impress his pupils, inquired the other day: "Do you think my head is stuffed with cotton?" "Yes, sir," said a very prompt but slightly deaf girl, who misunderstood the question.

A romantic story is told of a Cuban woman who, with her son of fourteen years, commands a detachment of the rebel army. She leads the insurgents in person, dressed in a riding habit and mounted on a fine horse, and is as brave as a lion.

A Connecticut minister says he was once called to marry a man who was to be united to his fourth wife. As he approached the couple he said, as usual, "Please rise." The man fidgeted about on his chair, and finally remarked, "We've usually sot."

"The boy at the head of the class will state what were the dark ages of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next, Master Biggs, can you tell me what the dark ages were?" "I guess they were the ages before spectacles were invented." "Go to your seat."

In cycles of 21,000 years the earth has alternate periods of unusual heat and cold, either of which is said by the scientists to superinduce on its surface an entirely new and different set of animals. Fortunately we are not yet at the close of such a cycle.

Mr. Menzies, who has just published a valuable work on forest trees in England, says that lightning never strikes dead trees, but always selects the strongest, and those full of sap. It is well worth knowing that the ivy often acts as a lightning conductor.

A young lady, possessing more vanity than personal charms, remarked in a jesting one, but with earnest glance that "she traveled on her good looks." A rejected lover being present, remarked that he could now account for the young lady's never having been found far from home.

A young minister, who once officiated for Robert Hall, was much chagrined that no notice was taken of his sermon. Anxious to ascertain the great orator's opinion, he said, "I don't think I wearied the people by the length of my sermon." "No," said Robert Hall "nor its depth."

Much amusement has been caused in Paris by the letter from the Bishop of Orleans, in which he speaks of his election to the Senate as equivalent to his being placed like Daniel in the fiery furnace. The *Univers* reminds the Bishop that he ought to "search the Scriptures," and he would see that Daniel never was in the fiery furnace.

Mrs. Milliss was asked the other day how she managed to get along so nicely with Mr. Milliss, and frankly replied: "Oh, I feed him well. When a woman marries, her happiness for a little while depends upon the state of her husband's heart; after that it's pretty much according to the state of his stomach."

Charles Fox and his friend Hare, both much incommoded by duns, were together in a house, when, seeing some shabby men about the door, they grew afraid lest they were bailiffs in search of one of them. Not knowing which was in danger, Fox opened the window and, calling to them, said, "Pray gentleman, are you Fox-hunting or Hare-hunting?"

Miss Kate Field, writing of Carlyle's birthday in *The Courier-Journal*, says: "He has kept his calling sacred; he has been a light in the world." "If I had not read Carlyle, I should never have made my leather so good," said a tanner a few months ago. Is not this being a priest to some purpose?"

Not long ago Frederick Holmes was expelled from the Methodist church in Reading, Mass., after many years of undoubted piety, upon the evidence of his niece. The girl has confessed that her story was a lie, and that her motive in telling it was revenge, her uncle having said that she was too wicked to join the church.

"Humph!" said an Englishman to a Scotchman, as they were walking over the fields of the latter, "oats are very well in their way, but in England we give them to our horses, while here they are food for men." "And just see what fine horses there are in England, and what fine men we have in Scotland," returned Sandy.

An artist who painted a portrait for a gentleman noted for his frequent libations, invited the gentleman's friends to see it. One of them, who was rather near-sighted, approaching it too closely, the artist, in alarm, exclaimed, "Don't touch it; it isn't dry!" "No use looking at it, then," replied the old gentleman, "it can't be my friend."

Sir Andrew Lusk, the sitting magistrate at Guildhall, in London, the other day discharged a girl, apparently of dull intellect, brought before him for being in unlawful possession of a milk can belonging to the Cranbrook Farm Dairy, maintaining that the prosecutor had no right to put temptation in the way of thirsty and starving persons by leaving cans of milk in the street.

"Evil communications," &c.—Scene—Mrs. Lyon Hunter's drawing-room, during a lecture on "Woman's Rights." Modest youth—in a whisper to young lady looking for a seat—"Er-excuse me, but do you believe in the equality of the sexes, Miss Wilhelmina?" Young lady—"Most certainly I do, Mr. Jones." Modest youth—"Haw! In that case of course I needn't give you up my chair."

Herbert Spencer, who since the death of Mr. Hill, has been accorded the position of leading English philosopher by men like Huxley, Tyndall and Bain, is in very poor health. He has had his autograph printed for the gratification of pestering curiosity-seekers. He is fifty-five years old and has never been married. Those who think he is ascetic are mistaken; he delights in children's sports and likes a roaring farce.

The London *Punch* contains this account of "A Young Positivist:" "Parson.—What is a miracle? Boy.—Dunno. Parson.—Well, if the sun were to shine in the middle of the night what should you say it was? Boy.—The moon. Parson.—But if you were told it was the sun, what should you say it was? Boy.—A lie. Parson.—I don't tell lies. Suppose I told you it was the sun, what would you say then? Boy.—That yer wasn't sober."

Miss Thackeray's collection of her father's rough drawings and sketches, entitled "The Orphan of Pimlico, and Other Sketches, Fragments, and Drawings," has been published in London. It is greatly praised by the *Athenæum*, which says the book "gives Miss Thackeray a new claim on the world's gratitude, and it is so full of life, and so delightful in itself, that we only regret that it is not a complete collection of all her father drew in this way."

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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Governor Hartranft was inaugurated last Monday for his second term. The streets of Harrisburg were crowded. The procession, comprising about 2500 military, 2000 members of civic organizations and the fire department, took up their line of march and occupied one hour in passing a given point. Upon the arrival of the procession at the corner of State and Third streets, the military formed a line on one side of the street and the civic organizations on the other side, when the Governor-elect passed in State street between the lines to the capitol. After prayer, and the reading of the certificate of election, the oath of office was administered, and the Governor delivered his inaugural address.

The Governor, after acknowledging his sense of the confidence of his constituents, and referring to the responsibilities and duties of his office, says:

My opinions upon the questions that affect the government of the State have been presented in my annual message, and it is unnecessary to again refer to them.

When we look around us, gentlemen of the Legislature, how various, multiform and intricate are the interests of our great Commonwealth. Certainly it is a proud distinction to be chosen to administer the affairs of a State that has within her limits so many of the elements of empire, and it behooves us to see to it that neither its dignity nor prosperity suffer through any default of ours. Let us remit no effort that will enlarge the happiness or benefits of her citizens; let us be distinguished by loyalty to her interests, by a jealous care of her institutions, a liberal understanding of and provision for her necessities, by humane attention to the wants of her poor and afflicted, and enlightened treatment of her criminal classes by a tolerance of opinion, political and religious, so that when we are discharged of our trusts we can deliver them to our successors with the approval of our consciences, and, let us hope, with the blessings of a grateful people.

With this renewal of my obligations as your Executive, I invite the earnest and active co-operation and counsel of all good citizens, and implore that my official acts may have the sanction of Divine Providence.

At the conclusion of the address the benediction was pronounced. A national salute was fired by the arsenal battery, and a grand review of troops took place at Second and Market streets.

The trial of Landis for the murder of Carruth is still in progress. All the main facts are conceded, and the court and jury are now to determine whether the homeopathic surgeons were not the cause of his death. Prof. Gross in his report said that the probing for the ball by incompetent surgeons was the cause of Carruth's death, and not the shot fired by Landis. Now, it follows that if Landis had not fired the shot there would have been no wound, and consequently no probing for the bullet. The abscesses might have been caused by the probing, but the necessity of probing and medical treatment were brought on by the shot fired by Landis, who was directly the cause of Carruth's death. And now, aside from this plea, a large number of witnesses have been found who have testified to Landis' insanity. If money, freely used, will save his life, then Landis will be acquitted.

The Centennial Appropriation bill is said to be gaining favor among the Southern members of Congress. Senator Gordon, of Georgia, agrees with Senator Bayard that it is constitutional and sanctioned by many precedents, and he supports it on the following grounds: No section is so deeply interested in the proper celebration and re-establishment of the principles of 1776, and the restoration of good-will in the country as the South. The proposed appropriation would cost only about 3½ cents per capita in the United States. Pennsylvania having paid four and a half millions of five millions already expended, it would be unjust to make her pay more; whereas the Congressional appropriation would perfect the national character of the celebration. Foreign nations have accepted the invitation to come, the reputation of the Government is involved in perfecting the arrangements.

There is a contest in Cincinnati over the will of Timothy Kirby, who died very rich. The testimony shows that the woman whom he regarded as his wife, although he gave her money lavishly, often whipped him. "He came to my office with a broken arm," a physician testified, "and the fracture had occurred several days before. He had told his friends that the hurt came from a fall off a ladder, but to me he confessed that the woman, Mrs. Francis, had struck him with a club." Kirby seemed infatuated with her, and her abuse of him did not cure his folly. The will devises a great amount of property to Mrs. Francis, and his children are contesting on the grounds that her influence over him was undue, and that his love for her was a mania.

Secretary Fish was before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs on Monday by invitation, to state the present condition of the Cuban question. He intimated that the recent circular to foreign governments merely asked their moral support in the event of mediation or intervention by the United States. He did not regard the tone of the recent Spanish reply to the circulars a unfriendly. The negotiations were conducted in a conciliatory spirit on both sides, "and certainly without threats on the part of the United States," and he hoped they would terminate satisfactory. Should the House call for the correspondence, it would be laid before that body.

The New York *Tribune* says that "Miss Charlotte Cushman is not engaged in preparing her reminiscences for publication. The paragraph to that effect, still going the rounds of the papers, is entirely unauthorized and unfounded. The state of Miss Cushman's health at present would preclude any such undertaking, even if she were ever so well disposed to favor the public. Book publishers and editors of magazines, who are overwhelming her with applications for the forthcoming book, would do well therefore to suspend their fire."

The school question, the taxation of church property, free trade, protection, amnesty to Jefferson Davis, and the Cuban revolution, the Baltimore *Gazette* tells the Democratic leaders in Congress and the Democratic newspapers, are profitless questions for the approaching campaign, and must be abandoned if the party means to elect the next President. It adds:—"The key-note of the great campaign is the restoration of the Government to honesty and economy, to retrenchment and reform."

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania Republican Association in Washington, on Monday night, a resolution was offered declaring Mr. Blaine their choice for President. The majority, thinking it too soon to agitate the question, laid the resolution on the table. Pending a motion to reconsider, the meeting adjourned.

The first colored clergyman of the Reformed Episcopal Church has just been ordained by Bishop Cummins at Pineville, South Carolina.

The widow of Andrew Johnson died at her daughter's residence, near Greenville, Tenn., on Saturday night.

SPEECH OF HON. WM. D. KELLEY.

What is Money?

On Saturday evening last the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, was filled from the parquette to the upper tier with people who had assembled to hear Judge Kelley elucidate his theory on the currency question. The platform was filled with gentlemen representing the mercantile and manufacturing interests of Philadelphia. At eight o'clock Mr. Kelley appeared on the stage and was greeted with a round of hearty applause. He was presented to the audience by General Robert Patterson, who presided, in a few remarks eulogistic of the judge and commendatory of the financial system he so ably advocated.

Mr. Kelley expressed his grateful appreciation of the compliment of so large an audience, and entered immediately upon the discussion of finance with the question, "What is money?" Gold is not; silver is not; paper is not. These are and have all been used as the material of money since civilization advanced sufficiently far as to require a medium of exchange; yet none of them is inherently money. Money is a national institution, or it is ordained by each government or country. It is that which the government declares by proper legal form and authority shall be legal-tender in payment of debts throughout the jurisdiction of that country. It is purely a national institution, the crucial test of which is, "Is it legal tender?"

In illustration of this proposition he instanced the Bank of Venice, whose notes for centuries formed the money of that thriving state, the premium on its notes ranging as high as 22 per cent. over gold and silver. Also in the financial crisis of 1847 that for £1000 of silver with the British mint stamp upon it, but one pound sterling of either paper or gold, could be obtained. Why? in financial crises the thing men want is money; is that which everybody must receive in payment for debt. In England silver was money only to the extent of forty shillings. In Calcutta, in the crisis of 1864, where silver was the national money, it is a fact that a man with £20,000 in gold in his possession could not borrow a rupee for it—a sum less than a dollar.

Other forms of currency are known to the people, as bank checks and bank notes; they perform the usual functions of money, but are only the shadow of money; they are pledges of individuals to pay money.

Germany, previous to her successful war with France, had been built up by two causes: First, the establishment of the Zollverein, which by protective duties shut out the results of cheaper foreign labor. Second, because her currency was silver, which the great manufacturing nations who use gold did not want to take from her. By this protective system, and this almost inexportable currency, Germany became the great empire of the Continent. But Germany having established herself in Paris, and demanded five milliards of money from the French, the latter paid it, and Germany believing it had all the gold of France, turned its back upon one of its great resources of prosperity, and turned the cold shoulder to the other. It demonetized silver, and established a gold currency; and entered into commercial treaties by which the goods of foreign nations were admitted under duties which were not protective. Money became scarce; private credit expanded, as it always does when money is withdrawn from circulation; foreign goods were purchased on private credit, and there was a great depression in business. We turn to France, at the feet of the conqueror, and she stands to-day the only prosperous nation in the commercial and manufacturing world. She has withdrawn all her gold from Germany; e sh has ruined their industries, bankrupted their merchants and capitalists, and she has done it because all her great statesmen, down to the great Napoleon, have understood that two things are necessary to maintain greatness of empire—first, a cheap medium of exchange, suitable in its character and inexportable; and second, that it is labor and not coin that maintains the public credit.

Why is it that we have less faith in the greenback or treasury note, which pledges the resources of the nation, than we have in the professedly irredeemable paper of France? The bank notes of the latter have never sunk below 3 per cent., and ours have gone to 180 below, and are to-day 13 or 14 below the par of gold. We are a spectacle of derision before the world because of this disparity between our national money and gold.

Mr. Kelley gave a history of the financial legislation establishing the greenback as a legal tender, and quoted largely from the proceedings of Congress to show that the late Thaddeus Stevens labored faithfully to make it a legal tender for all dues to individuals and to the Government, and to prevent legislation making the bonds payable, principal and interest in gold. In this opinion Mr. Stevens and his co-laborers were sustained, at the same time, by the Boards of Trade of all the principal cities. Somebody might ask if Mr. Stevens meant to ignore the money of the world. There is no money of the world. American gold will only pass as money in the United States, British gold in British territory, and all gold out of its own country is treated as bullion, and you must pay to have it converted into coin of the country in which you would use it. National balances are not settled with money, but with the products of the soil or labor of a country. The railroad that borrows in a foreign country receives its loan in locomotives and rails.

What are the functions of money? Money is the tool of trade; a medium of exchange; an instrument by which to transfer from person to person. When money is abundant industry is prosperous; productive commerce spreads her sails. In 1865 every man who had the skill and the will to labor could support his family and have a surplus. Now skilled laborers walk the street in idleness, and, when begging their bread among strangers, are called tramps, and are sent to prison. While the Government has withdrawn 66⅔ per cent, of our money those who own money have deposited it in the banks or sub-treasuries, and will not lend it on any security. It is dead capital in the form of money, and exchanges are necessarily suspended.

Contraction always follows a period of wild inflation. Much more money is wanted at some times than at others. When it is not needed it flows to the money centres, and it is used in wild speculation, which results in expansion such as was witnessed in 1873. He then quoted from President Grant's message of December, 1873, to show that their views were identical at that time on the necessity of an elastic currency. What we need is a legal-tender money that will so contract and expand as to furnish trade with the number of tools it needs at each varying season of the year. Such a system is possible and if Salmon P. Chase had continued to administer the Treasury of the United States he believed that we would be enjoying such a system to-day. He then reviewed the course of Mr. Chase as Secretary of the Treasury, and claimed that his views, which were indorsed by the people at that time, were identical with his own at the present time, for which he had been so much derided. The Secretary's belief was expressed in his message of December 4, 1862, in which he recommended temporary deposits at five per cent. interest. That was the beginning of the convertible bond system. Congress authorized the sub-treasuries to receive one hundred millions on those terms, and one hundred and seven millions were deposited when the first account was received at the Treasury. He believed if such a system was inaugurated the six hundred millions in our savings banks would all be invested in such bonds, and then our debt would be held at home and the interest, being paid to our own people, would set the idle mills in motion.

He concluded his remarks by saying, "The time has come when you must accept general and universal bankruptcy, or you must remember that you are American citizens, and Congress and the Executive are your servants."

Mr. Kelley was listened to for two and three quarter hours with close attention, and was frequently interrupted by applause.

Centennial Notes.

The first consignment of minerals, consisting of fifty cases, for the United States Government exhibit, was delivered at the Government building, Centennial grounds on Monday.

All the goods to be exhibited by Egypt have been received by the Egyptian Commission, and placed in the Main Exhibition building.

Director General Goshorn has been informed of the shipment of 300 tons of goods from Australia and the neighboring colonies.

The centennial of the battle of Brandywine is to be appropriately celebrated on the first of September.

All the arrangments have been made for the display of Maine's material products at the Centennial Exposition. A space of 1200 feet has been set apart for textile fabrics. About three-fourths of the display will be a full show of granite, slate, iron, feldspar and other minerals.

The French and German book trades will be very fully represented at the Centennial Exhibition, and their displays will be among the most notable contributions from those countries. As in the case of the American trade, the displays will be collective, grouped together under plans prepared by the architects of the respective trade associations.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

NEW YORK LETTER.

New York, Jan. 18th, 1876.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Some learned Bible commentators have definitely settled it to their entire satisfaction, that the great battle of Armageddon, foretold in the Revelations, is to be the terrible outgrowth of

EMBITTERED SECTARIAN FEELING,

and that this country will be the battle-ground. Saint Colomkill—who lived 1300 years ago and could bring the dead to life, and turn mud into fire, and write prophecies in Irish and lots of other remarkable things, as any respectable body of Ancient Hibernians is willing to maintain at the point of the shillelah—even went so far as to stake his reputation as a veracious saint, that we would have great wars between the true church and the unbelievers in this then undiscovered country and,—by the same token, worse and worse of it,—that these mighty wars would take place about this time, and just after a remarkably mild winter. Well, we have the mild winter, and I can fancy the ghost of that old saint looking at the way things are going now, and struggling to remark to the present generation the balmily consoling phrase, "I told you so!" The great question of freeing our public schools from sectarian influences, of resisting the insidious advances toward political ascendancy of the Roman Catholic church, of forcing church property to bear its legitimate share of taxation, and of resisting appropriations from the public treasury in aid of sectarian ends, are now being contested fiercely and with growing fervor. The Catholic priesthood work on their side unremittingly and zealously, but generally in silence. Their journalistic organs, however, notably the *Catholic Review*, are not chary of vaunting their power, affirming its constant increase and threatening the ends to which it can, if deemed advisable, be applied, to the tearing down or building up of any political party as its interests may seem to require. This has, of course, awaked an instant and violent antagonism among the representatives of Protestant denominations. Already a bill is before the Legislature for the repeal of the "Grey Nuns Act"—a piece of outrageously sectarian legislation, and a formidable endeavor is being organized to compel such enactments as will in the hereafter take all special privileges from church property and all public aid from denominational institutions. At the regular weekly meeting of the Methodist ministers of New York, yesterday, there was one of the most excited and vigorous discussions on this topic, which this body has ever known. All the members seemed to recognize a necessity for prompt and united resistance to the encroachment policy of the Roman Catholic church, and the only question was how such resistance could be rendered most effective. No conclusion was arrived at, and the theme will no doubt be a staple one at these meetings for some time to come. How much farther the conflict will extend, in view of the attitude of the President upon a relative subject, and the lively interest manifested by other denominations than the Methodist, is a serious subject for consideration.

A RADICAL MEASURE

for the prevention of liability of passengers and crews of ocean steamers and ships to such terrific dangers as have been revealed by the failure of Thomassen's infernal plot, is now being agitated here. It is nothing less than the prohibition by law of all marine insurance. The advocates of this sweeping measure urge that removing the opportunity for fraudulent operations against underwriters will destroy a now ever-present temptation to the unprincipled, and compel greater care on the part of owners, and so take away the chiefest element of peril in ocean travel. Such would certainly be the effects, to some extent at least, but it is not at all probable that even the absolute certainty of such a measure securing the safety of every passenger and sailor afloat would reconcile the ship-owners to it. Money is money, you know, on sea as well as on land, however got and retained.

Preparations, in magnitude proportioned to the size and "pure cussedness" of New York, are being made for the Moody and Sankey

REVIVAL WORK,

now close at hand. The Hippodrome is all ready for its new service as a portal to salvation. One end of the monster building is a hall capable of holding 6000 people, with a platform which will seat 4500. Between the two is a space 40 feet wide, for private rooms for the choirs, ministers, etc. The special prayer and inquiry rooms are where the bar, bowling and shooting galleries used to be. The active working force in aid of M. & S. will consist of 800 singers, 600 "Christian workers," 600 ushers and preachers *ad libitum*. Already the auxiliary Christians are warming up to their work. Little experimental revivals, a sort of one horse affairs, are being run by all sorts of people all over the city and through the suburbs.

After the Christians get through with the Hippodrome and restore it to its former condition, the first big public event expected to take place in it will be an enormous

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERT,

on July 2d, under the auspices and by the co-operation of all our large German Singing Societies. They propose to make their festival upon so grand a scale as will render the Centennial ever memorable in the annals of Teuto-American vocalists. Besides the concert they will have an enormous picnic and a musical festival at Jones' wood, a torch-light procession, and even they themselves do not yet know what all else.

NOTES.

Edward Eddy, the actor, was a 33° Mason and his brethren buried him on Sunday last with the most solemn, beautiful and impressive ceremonial ever witnessed in New York.

It was expected by our American rifle "team" that our boasting cousins across the water would send over three "teams" of picked riflemen, English, Scotch and Irish, to meet them in the great Centennial match. But this bold Briton will not have it that way, "United we stand, divided we fall" is his temporary motto, so only one team of the best men from each section of the United kingdom will come over.

Dr. A. B. Mott, the celebrated surgeon, accidentally shot himself on Sunday night last, while gunning for a burglar. Decidedly bad markmanship one must say.

"Rapid transit" is practically solved for west siders by the opening of the elevated railway from the Battery to Central Park. During the present year it will be extended up the east side of the Island as well.

A bridge, one mile and three-quartes in length, to cross the east river from 3d Avenue to Astoria heights at a height of 135 feet above high tide and give the Long Island railroad, access to New York will be begun this spring. One pier will rest on Blackwells Island.

A new gas company which has been started over in Brooklyn proposes to furnish gas-meters to consumers free of cost, to supply gas as twice as good as the old companies and at half the old price. The old swindling monopolies seem to have almost committed suicide.

The New York *Tribune* has been compelled to cut down the salaries of all its employees.

A. Oakey Hall argued, in the Supreme Court yesterday, his first case since his return to the law from the stage. SANS NOM.

During a trial at Lancaster, Ohio, of several persons for selling liquor, knocking the Marshall down, keeping disorderly houses, &c., an old citizen got up and proposed a compromise, and the trial was turned into a regular experience meeting. After a general hand-shaking, the long-metre Doxology was sung, and the congregation dispersed.

Mr. Samuel L. Whaley was garroted and robbed by two ruffians while passing through Water street, in Brooklyn, at ten o'clock, Sunday morning. One held his throat while the other took his watch and ten dollars in currency. The robbers escaped.

So much has been said about the antecedents of those recently appointed to subordinate positions under the officers of the House of Representatives, that a statement prepared by Doorkeeper Fitzhugh may be of interest. Of the new appointees, he says 39 served in the Union army and 11 in the Confederate army; 16 have taken the modified oath, and 94 the iron-clad oath; 9 colored men and 1 colored woman have been appointed by him. There is no doubt that, as far as Col. Fitzhugh's appointments are concerned as much consideration at least has been shown for the Union veterans as to the same class by the Doorkeeper of the last House. The Postmaster of the House, who has comparatively few appointments to make, has probably given preference to his Virginia friends, a large percentage of whom were Confederate soldiers.

The Tredegar Iron Works, of Richmond, Va., suspended last Monday. The suspension throws nearly 600 operatives out of employment. Gen. Joseph R. Anderson, President of the works, states that after losses consequent on the panic of 1873 the company was granted an extension by its creditors, the latter being secured by deeds of trust on the company's property. The continued depression of the iron trade causes the present suspension, which he hopes will be but temporary. It is believed the liabilities not covered by the deed of trust will not exceed $100,000.

A Swedish wood carver is completing a singular emblematic set of chessmen for the Centennial, designed to typify the present religious struggle between Germany and the Vatican. One of these contending parties represents the Emperor William as king, the Empress Augusta as queen, Prince Bismarck and Dr. Falk, author of the new ecclesiastical laws, as bishops a party of Uhlans as Knights, and another of Landwehrmen as the pawns. The other party is led by the Pope, as king, an abbess as queen, cardinals as bishops, monks are mounted on asses as knights, and monks on foot as pawns.

Dun, Barlow & Co.'s commercial agency reports the number of business failures during 1875 at 7740, with liabilities amounting to $201,000,000. The numbers is greater than during 1873 or 1874, but the average liability of the persons is much less. The *Tribune* says this is an unfailing sign that the worst is over and brighter skies are in view for commercial interests.

It is now reported that Babbit, the New York soap manufacturer, who charges his confidential clerk with embezzling several hundred thousand dollars, has at various times brought similar charges against more than thirty other of his employers, not one of which was sustained, and the whole thing looks like an advertising dodge.

A grandson of Dr. Lempriere, the author of the "Classical Dictionary," is living in great poverty in Somersetshire, England, He had gained a precarious livelihood by bill posting, but owing to sickness he and his family are left in want. An appeal is made in a London paper in his behalf.

General Beauregard states in his petition for the removal of his political disabilities, that it is made at the request of his friends, in view of his becoming a member of the Louisiana Board of Levee Commissioners, "so that there should be no doubt of his inability to hold a State Office."

Is it not generally known that the Treasury Department employs two learned and skillful chemists, one of whom is constantly engaged in fabricating indelible inks, while the other devotes his talents to washing out the inks, and thus far chemistry has devised no ink which chemistry cannot efface.

The Hon. J. Y. Swan, Centennial Commissioner for Indian curiosities of the northwest coast, has secured in Alaska a wooden column thirty feet long and four feet wide and thick, on which is carved a number of immense heads of Indians.

The London Home for lost dogs has kennels for 400. The police send all stray dogs there, and they are kept three days awaiting owners, after which they are either sold or killed.

New Jersey has built an insane asylum which cost two millions, and what is still stranger it is alleged that the building Commissioners have not stolen a cent.

A bill has been introduced in Congress to organize the territory of Oklahama. This would give the Indians now occupying that territory all the rights of citizens.

The female operatives of the Goodyear Rubber Glove Company, at Naugatuck, Conn., struck Monday against a reduction in their wages of 10 per cent.

The best skater in London is an American; the best skater in Paris is an American; the best skater in Russia is an American. How we do slip around!

Since the death of Father Boehm, Father Keenan, Catholic, of Lancaster, aged ninety-seven, is probably the oldest living clergyman in the United States.

Mrs. Margaret Boggs, of Germantown, Philadelphia, celebrated her 100th birthday on the 10th inst. She can yet thread her needle without the use of glasses.

The Altoona Opera House has been engaged for twenty-one consecutive nights for revival purposes. Rev. E. P. Hammond will conduct the exercises.

Philadelphia.

DR. THOMAS,
COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION.
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.
DR. THOMAS makes a specialty of extracting teeth absolutely without pain by the aid of Nitrous Oxide. Over 63,000 persons have successfully inhaled the gas at his office
912 Walnut Street, (South Side), Philadelphia.
797

R. E. WRIGHT & SON,
STEAM
SCOURING and DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,
4508 MAIN STREET, 4508
FRANKFORD, PA.
Clothing repaired and altered. 145

BANNISTER'S.
THE CHEAPEST PLACE FOR
BOOTS AND SHOES.
Head Centre for
GUM BOOTS AND SHOES, ALL KINDS.
4223 MAIN STREET, FRANKFORD. 164

New Carpet Store.
CREAGMILE & CO.,
Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Shades, &c. &c. &c.
1017 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
Open in the evening. 857

J. C. LONG, JR.
DEALER IN
Fancy Fowls, Pigeons and Pets.
CAGES OF ALL KINDS.
Bird Seed, Mockingbird Food, and Song Birds a specialty.
39 NORTH NINTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 951

1776. THE 1876.
CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION
OF
AMERICAN PRESIDENTS,
IS the best and only photograph picture of the kind that has ever been offered to the American people, and meets with unprecedented success, and will ornament the walls of every admirer of our great republic.
The likenesses were Photographed and finely done in India Ink from the best known portraits of the several Presidents, and required a great deal of pains, patience and money to obtain this collection which is considered by connoisseurs to be in point of correctness, brilliancy, and artistic merit, decidedly worthy of a liberal patronage.
M. BEECHING, General Agent,
111 North Third Street, (Third Floor,)
PHILADELPHIA.
AGENTS WANTED. 224

Philadelphia.

WE GIVE NOTHING AWAY,
No Penny Chromo, Bronze Figure or Glass Ware,
As all right-minded people know the price of the gift is charged to the goods. Our price list you will find below.

Extra Choice Formosa Tea,	80 Cts.	Best Young Hyson Tea,	90 Cts.
Best Oolong "	60 "	Good " " "	70 "
Good "	40 "	Fair " " "	50 "
Fair "	30 "	Best Eng. Br'kfast "	80 "
Best Japan "	80 "	Gunpowder "	$1 00.
Good "	60 "	Old Government Java Coffee,	38 Cts.
Fair "	50 "	Java "	33 a 35 "
Best Imperial "	90 "	Maricabo "	30 a 33 "
Good "	70 "	Laguayra "	25, 28 a 30 "
Fair "	50 "	Rio "	25 a 28 "

SUGARS ALWAYS THE LOWEST. A full line of Pure Spices.
All goods guaranteed as represented or money refunded.
T. P. GREGER,
630 North Second Street, Philadelphia. 971
Three doors below Fairmount Avenue.

Marter & Co.'s,
No. 14 North EIGHTH Street, above Market,
AND
No. 20 South EIGHTH Street, above Chestnut,
PHILADELPHIA.
1000
LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN'S
SACQUES, CLOAKS, WALKING COATS,
SUITS—READY MADE. SUITS—MADE TO ORDER. SUITS—IN ALL COLORS.
WATERPROOF CLOAKS. WATERPROOF CLOAKS. WATERPROOF CLOAKS.
LADIES' MUSLIN CHEMISES, DRAWERS, SKIRTS, NIGHT WRAPS, CORSETS,
INFANTS' CLOAKS, ROBES, DRESSES, SHAWLS, CAPS, &c.
Dress Making in all its Branches. 191

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY
BY PURCHASING YOUR
TEAS AND COFFEES
OF THE
AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Importers of Teas.
RETAIL STORES:
932 Arch Street, 21 South Second Street, 260 North Ninth Street, and N. W. corner Eleventh and Spring Garden Streets, Philadelphia. 960

D. JARRETT WALTON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Looking Glasses, Portrait and Picture Frames,
Brackets, Cornices, Tassels, Cords, &c.,
No. 48 North Second Street, above Christ Church.
PHILADELPHIA.
65

TURNER & PEARSON.
NEW AND CHEAP
OYSTER AND DINING ROOMS,
For Ladies' and Gentlemen,
607 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
FIRST DOOR BELOW THE THEATRE. 70

CHARLES LIGGINS,
DEALER IN
Fine Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
STERLING AND COIN SILVER AND SILVER PLATED WARE,
Clocks, Canes, Spectacles, Opera Glasses.
WEDDING RINGS, PRESENTS, &c.,
1016 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
Particular attention paid to repairing Watches, Jewelry, &c. 980

A. W. RAND,
Sole manufacturer of "VICTOR GAS MACHINE." Patented August 20th, 1867.
124 North Sixth Street Philadelphia.

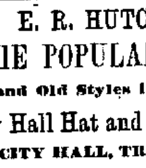


ALSO manufacturer of and dealer in HEATERS, RANGES, BAKE OVENS, Etc. PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING. Special attention given to Hotel work. Refer to the following well-known parties using them: C. W. & J. Peirce, Bristol, Pa.; James Dobson, Falls of Schuylkill; St. Joseph's Convent School, Chestnut Hill; Geo. W. Hinkle, Congress Hall, Atlantic City, N. J. 66.

THE LARGE NEW STORE
OF
THOMAS McFARLAND,
Practical Tin Roofer,
AND MANUFACTURER OF TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE,
FOUR DOORS ABOVE SELLERS STREET, FRANKFORD,
Is elegantly fitted up and stocked with a general assortment of splendid HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
Heaters, Ranges, Fire Brick and Grates to order. Tin covered over old shingles. Gravel Roofs torn off and covered with tin.
4603 FRANKFORD AVENUE, ABOVE SELLERS, FRANKFORD. 122

JAMES ECKERSLEY, JR.,
Practical Tin Roofer,
AND MANUFACTURER OF TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
No. 4504 Main Street, above Unity, Frankford.
Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Fire Bricks, and Grates always on hand. Jobbing promptly attended to. 142

CHAS. C. JONES,
Practical Photographer,
NO. 508 NORTH SECOND STREET, ABOVE NOBLE, PHILADELPHIA.
PICTURES taken in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Particular attention paid to taking children and copying. All Photographs are made from fine retouched Negatives. 161



THORNTON BROTHERS,
MARBLE WORKERS,
4757 FRANKFORD AVENUE, FRANKFORD, PA.
Particular attention given to Building Work.
TOMB WORK A SPECIALTY. 162

E. R. HUTCHINSON,
THE POPULAR HATTER,
New and Old Styles in great variety, at
City Hall Hat and Cap Emporium,
CITY HALL, TRENTON, N. J. 1060

THOS. M. SEEDS,
PLAIN AND FASHIONABLE
HAT & CAP MANUFACTORY,
NO. 41 NORTH SECOND STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
A general assortment of Friends' Plain Hats, Children's Fancy Hats and Caps constantly on hand, and made to order at the shortest notice. 896

RICHARD C. STONE,
MANUFACTURER OF
JUVENILE COACH WORK,
and all kinds of
WOODEN WARE.
Store—945 North Second Street.
Factory—1018 North Front Street.
73 PHILADELPHIA.

WILLIAM M. HALL,
GEOMETRICAL STAIR BUILDER
AND
ARCHITECTURAL DRAUGHTSMAN,
No. 2126 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia.
All kinds of Stairs designed and put up in city and country. Orders through post punctually attended to. Hand Rails worked from drawings. 1013

GEORGE W. BUTLER,
DEALER IN
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,
818 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
Agent for DEXTER WASHING MACHINES, the best in the market. Clothes Wringers repaired.
181

DUCKET HARMAN,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER,
FACTORY AND STORE
1937 Frankford Road, Philad'a.
Dealer in
Clocks, Watches,
JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, SILVER-PLATED WARE, &c. Masonic Marks and Society Badges of all kinds on hand and made to order.
REPAIRING of all kinds promptly attended to. 61

JAMES P. WOOD & CO.,
41 SOUTH FOURTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA,
Low Pressure Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus, with Gold's Patent Cast-Iron Radiators, Wood's American Kitchener, and Paris Ranges.
GRIFFITHS' PATENT ARCHIMEDIAN VENTILATORS.
Steam Fitting in all its branches.
JAMES P. WOOD & CO.,
41 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.
27

1776. THE CENTENNIAL. 1876.
E. SILBER'S
Paper Hanging Store,
S. W. Cor. Seventh and Girard Avenue,
807 PHILADELPHIA.

A. STINEMETZ,
1029 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.,
MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS AND GRAVE STONES. 218

Trenton.

TANTUM & SHIELDS,
DEALERS IN
HOSIERY, GLOVES, UNDERWEAR,
DRESS SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, TIES, BOWS AND SCARFS
Assanpink Block, Trenton, N. J. 980

GEORGE WESTON,
ARCHITECTURAL AND MONUMENTAL
SCULPTOR,
IN MARBLE, GRANITE AND FREESTONE.
Devoting especial attention to Monumental Works, &c., viz:
Tombs, Monuments, Headstones, Mural Tablets, Pulpits, Fonts, &c.
DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.
MARBLE YARD—Stockton Street, between Front and State Street.
TRENTON, N. J.



CEMETERY LOTS INCLOSED.—Cemetery work of every description done in the best manner and at reasonable rates. 40

PURE! WHOLESOME!! CHEAP!!!
Opening of the STAR CONFECTIONERY,
No. 4 Assanpink Block, Trenton, N. J.,
THIS DAY, with the most extensive and complete assortment of French and American Confectionery ever exhibited at retail in Trenton. Also, a choice line of Foreign Fruits and Nuts, Bon, Canned Goods, &c. Prices reasonable. Positively none but strictly pure and wholesome Confectionery sold by this House. Patronage solicited! Favors appreciated! Please call and examine.
THOMAS P. MARSHALL, Proprietor.
N. B.—Constantly on draught, Cold Sparkling Soda Water, Cream, Nectar, Mead, and Kissengen Water. 1010

A Full and Splendid Line of
MILLINERY GOODS,
JUST RECEIVED AT
FOLLEN'S No. 1 Greene Street, Trenton, N. J.
PRYOR'S BLOCK, which will be sold Cheap for Cash.
LADIES, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR HATS BLOCKED AND PRESSED FOR HALF THE COST OF NEW ONES.
All the Fall Styles Received in Blocks and Hats. Three First Class Milliners Employed. 123

Furniture and Upholstery of my own manufacturing.
PARLOR SUITS in Hair, Cloth, or any color of Terry. 1 Sofa, 1 Arm Chair, 1 Lady's and 4 Wall Chairs, for $60. Solid Walnut Chamber Suits, nine pieces, for $40. With Marble Top Bureau and Washstand, $50.
AT A. V. MANNING'S,
47 Greene Street, Trenton, N. J.
39

Philadelphia.

J. F. HEFLEY'S
OYSTER SALOON
And Restaurant,
N. W. Corner Second and Brown,
PHILADELPHIA. 111

SAMUEL WAGNER'S
LADIES' AND GENTS'
OYSTER AND DINING ROOMS.
69 NORTH SECOND STREET.
Two doors below Arch, (formerly 52 Delaware Ave.)
THE FINEST and BEST OYSTERS in the CITY
121

MRS. W. MUIR'S
LADIES' AND GENTS'
DINING AND OYSTER SALOON,
987 NORTH SECOND STREET.
PHILADELPHIA.
N. B.—All kinds of Fine Confectionery—Boarding and Lodging. 126

NORTH STAR HOTEL.
FRANCIS T. PRAUL, - Proprietor
4805 MAIN STREET.
FRANKFORD, PA. 165

United States Hotel,
North-West Corner Front and Berks Sts.,
(Kensington Depot.)
PHILADELPHIA.
F. W. MEYER, - - - - Proprietor.
120

"The Seven Star Hotel."
O. CAMPBELL, PROPRIETOR.
Main Street and Oxford Road,
Opposite Dummy Depot.
110 FRANKFORD, PA.

JOHN J. SLIFER'S
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
Dining and Oyster
SALOONS.
NO. 532 ARCH STREET, PHILAD'A.
58

DOCK STREET
COFFEE HOUSE
AND LUNCH ROOM.
OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE.
223 Dock Street,
157 Above Walnut, PHILADELPHIA

J. W. HOLETON'S
Temperance
DINING ROOMS,
IS THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.
629 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
Call and satisfy yourself. 64

Girard Exchange
HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,
S. E. Corner Fourth and Girard Avenue,
PHILADELPHIA.
Oysters in every style, and Meals at all hours
53 WILLIAM LINDIG.

TACONY HOUSE
AND
RESTAURANT.
1914 NORTH FRONT STREET.
Opposite Kensington Depot,
PHILADELPHIA.
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining Room and Restaurant.
934

BEE HIVE COFFEE HOUSE
RESTAURANT,
THOMAS J. JARMAN, Proprietor.
218 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
OYSTERS constantly on hand in all varieties. Families supplied at shortest notice. Delivery free of charge to any part of the city. 76

WUNDER'S
OYSTER BAY,
S. W. Corner Second and Church Streets.
71 PHILADELPHIA.

LADIES' AND GENTS'
PHILADELPHIA
EATING HOUSE.
S. E. Corner Seventh and Market Streets,
JAMES STANDRING, Proprietor.
Beefsteak and Potatoes, Porksteak and Potatoes, Pork and Beans, Pot Pie, Fried Eggs, Fried Ham, Cold Ham, Boiled Eggs, Cod Fish Cakes, Broiled Steak and Potatoes, Oyster Soup, 10 cents each; Oyster Stews, 25 cents; Raw Oysters, 10 cents; Milk Toast, 12 cents; Buttered Toast, 7 cents; Coffee and Rolls, Pie and Milk, 10 cents each; Rice Pudding, Bread Pudding, 5 cts. each; Apple Dumpling, 10c.; Cup Custard, 5 cents; Pie of all kinds, Ten or Coffee per cup, two Buttered Rolls, 5 cts. each. SEGARS.
A good and cheap Dinner every day. 101

JOSEPH W. THOMPSON,
HATS, CAPS
AND
STRAW GOODS,
No. 1209 North Second Street,
East Side, Four doors above Girard Ave.,
PHILADELPHIA.
A full assortment of Umbrellas. 1021

C. F. BLITTERSDORF. OLIVER S. WEEKS
C. F. BLITTERSDORF & CO.,
CUTLERS.
Depot for the best Concave Razors, Shears, Scissors, and warranted Cutlery of every description.
1103½ North Second Street, Philadelphia.
Steam Grinding and Repairing carefully done. 887

Thousands of Bottles Sold Yearly.
THE Greatest Medical Discovery of the Nineteenth Century. Nature's Great Remedy, for the Cure of
Incipient Consumption, Asthma.
BYRAM'S Celebrated Balsam of Honey, Wild Cherry and Tar, to prevent Consumption, Pleurisy or Inflammation of the Lungs, Curing Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Pain in the Breast, Asthma, Catarrh, Spitting of Blood, Weakness of the Lungs, Difficulty of Breathing; a great discovery for Infants in Croup and Hives, Influenza, Whooping Cough,
And all other affections of the Lungs and Breast.
Sold by Druggists and Merchants everywhere.
151

GO TO THE
Boston 99 Cent Store,
30 E. State Street,
TRENTON, N. J.,
And look at the NEW STOCK OF WAX DOLLS, and RUSSIA LEATHER POCKET BOOKS. The cheapest ever shown in the city. 147

Notice.
SAVE YOUR TALLOW, OLD LARD, PORK, BUTTER AND GREASE OF ALL KINDS.
HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID
Or Exchanged for Soaps.
E. C. NIEDT & CO.,
Cor. Market and Union Sts., Trenton, N. J.
Successors to A. W. Yard, and sole manufacturers of A. W. Yard's SUPERIOR BROWN ROSIN SOAP. Beware of Imitations! 131

John E. Thropp. Duncan McKenzie. Peter Wilkes.
THROPP, McKENZIE & WILKES,
Manufacturers of
Steam Engines,
BOILERS, MILL WORK, SHAFTING,
Pulleys, Hangers, and all kinds of Pottery Machinery.
FOOT OF TAYLOR ST., TRENTON, N. J.
136

WALL PAPER
AND
School Books,
AT CHARLES Y. BAMFORD'S,
10 E. STATE STREET, TRENTON, N. J.
WALL PAPER TRIMMED FREE. Discount given to schools and teachers. 95

FANCY RIBBONS. BONNET FRAMES.
MRS. J. R. WOODRUFF,
Fashionable Milliner,
And dealer in
Notions, Trimmings, &c.
No. 27 Broad Street, Trenton, N. J.
Personal attention paid to custom work. 135

DUNN & SMITH,
MERCHANT TAILORS.
NO. 32 E. STATE STREET,
TRENTON, N. J.
Under First National Bank.
A full stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, and Coatings always on hand. 116

J. L. MOORE,
Dealer in
Furniture, Carpets,
OIL CLOTHS, BED SPREADS, BLANKETS, Clocks, Door Mats, Rugs, Window Shades, Looking Glasses, fine French and German Chromos, Baby Carriages and Stoves.
NO. 107 SOUTH BROAD STREET,
TRENTON, N. J. 119

S. C. PARROTT,
Dealer in
Fine Watches, Solid Gold Jewelry,
AND SILVER WARE.
HAIR JEWELRY made to order. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted to give satisfaction. No. 42 Greene Street. Three Doors above City Hall, TRENTON, N. J.
45

JOSEPH B. YARD
MANUFACTURER OF
IRON RAILING,
(at the old stand)
No. 6 Greene Street, Trenton, N. J.
Particular attention given to Enclosing Cemetery Lots. 905

NICK J. MINERT,
Dealer in
Tobacco and Fine Cigars,
No. 37 North Warren Street,
43 TRENTON, N. J.

JOSEPH G. HAYES.
Dealer in all kinds of
Burners, Oils and Lamps,
Whips, Canes and Novelties,
Corner Lamberton and Market,
131 TRENTON, N. J.

WALL PAPER. WALL PAPER.
WE have now in store some two hundred patterns of Spring Goods to select from, which we are selling at the following reduced prices:
18 CENT PAPER, 13 CENTS.
12 CENT PAPER, 10 CENTS.
35 CENT PAPER, 25 CENTS.
Having bought low for cash, we are thus enabled to make the above reduction. Workmen sent to all parts of the country. JOSEPH L. LUGAR,
No. 839 North Second Street, bel. Poplar,
854 PHILADELPHIA.

SLATE MANTELS
ESTABLISHED 1853.
Of the latest and most beautiful designs; and all other Slate Work on hand or made to order.
Factory and Salesrooms, No. 1210 Ridge Ave.,
PHILADELPHIA.
27 WILSON & MILLER.

MISS C. F. LEDDON,
LADIES' HAIR DRESSING
ESTABLISHMENT.
1868 FRANKFORD ROAD.
PHILADELPHIA.
Ladies' Hair Dressing a specialty. Combings made up carefully. Constantly on hand and made to order, Ladies' Hair Braids, Curls, Chignons and Hair Work of every description. 928

T. C. HOLLINGSWORTH,
No. 1026 North Second St.,
PHILADELPHIA,
Masonic Manufacturing and Military Depot.
Military and Society Goods of every description. Flags, Banners and Regalia, Jewels, &c. Also, Domestic Paper Patterns. 907

PARKER & KANE,
Norris Square Marble Works,
MANUFACTURERS OF
MONUMENTS, MARBLE MANTLES, &c.
Cemetery Lots Enclosed, Plumbers' Work, &c.
S. W. Cor. Hope and Diamond Sts.,
Between Front and Second, within two squares of Kensington Depot.
888 PHILADELPHIA.

Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, January 20, 1876.

☞ THERMOMETRICAL REPORT for the week ending Wednesday, Jan. 19th.—Furnished by JESSE B. MEARS, as noted at Bristol Post-Office:

	7 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
Th'day, Jan. 13	16	23	30
Friday, " 14	16	33	34
Saturday, " 15	28	42	39
Monday, " 17	45	51	44
Tuesday, " 18	37	55	58
Wed'day, " 19	57	61	56

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

PHILADELPHIA—Closes 9.00, A. M., 3.30 and 6.00 P. M; Arrives 8.00, A. M., 4.30 and 8.00, P. M.

NEW YORK—Closes 8.30, A. M., 3.30, 6.00 P. M. Arrives 10.00 A. M., 7.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Closes 7.15, 8.30, A. M., 3.30, P. M. arrives 10.00, A. M., 4.30 and 7.00 P. M.

PRINCETON, NEW BRUNSWICK, RAHWAY, ELIZABETH, NEWARK and JERSEY CITY, closes 8.30 A. M., 3.30 P. M.; arrives 10.00 A. M., 7.00 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN—Closes 10.00, A. M., 6.00, P. M. arrives 9.45, A. M., 8.00, P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE, HULMEVILLE, ATTLEBOROUGH, NEWTOWN, WRIGHTSTOWN, PINEVILLE and BUCKINGHAM—Closes at 10.00, A. M; arrives at 9.45, A.M.

THE GAZETTE FOR 1876.

The GAZETTE will be sent until further notice with other publications, postage free in all cases, payment to be made invariably in advance. As follows:

Gazette and Scribner's Monthly,	$5.25,	full rate,	$6.00
" " Atlantic Monthly,	5.25,	" "	6.00
" " Harper's Magazine,	5.25,	" "	6.00
" " Galaxy,	5.25,	" "	6.00
" " Popular Science Mo.,	6.00,	" "	7.00
" " N. Y. Medical Jour.,	5.25,	" "	6.00
" " St. Nicholas,	4.50,	" "	5.00
" " Am. Agriculturist,	3.10,	" "	3.60
" " Harper's Weekly,	5.25,	" "	6.00
" " Harper's Bazar,	5.25,	" "	6.00
" " Littell's Living Age,	8.75,	" "	10.00
" " The Home Journal,	3.50,	" "	5.00
" " Practical Farmer,	3.75,	" "	4.50

SORTS.

JAMES BRUDON will commence the erection of a new dwelling on Pond street near Dorrance, in a few weeks.

SAMUEL SWAIN now has his rooms in the office recently occupied by Joshua Buckman, deceased.

GUS. WORRELL purchased the late residence of Mrs. Mary Y. Wilson, on Dorrance street, last Saturday at the Executor's sale for $1500.

BARNEY WATERS, while skating on the canal basin on Saturday last, broke through the ice, and falling broke his leg. Dr. Pursell was summoned and rendered all necessary assistance.

ON Monday last, a load of hay was run against a lamp post at the corner of Otter and Swain streets, and, the lamp post got the worst of it, being very badly damaged.

THE Pennsylvania railroad company thinks that the Bristol Water Company will require the services of an extra engineer to enable them to furnish water for their engines next spring and summer.

AT the meeting of the Home Building Association, held last Monday evening, five loans were sold to Henry M. Wright at $2.75 premium per loan, and ten to A. L. Packer at 50 cents premium.

A FIRE was observed at John Dorrance's on Radcliffe street, about nine o'clock on Friday evening. The fire bells were furiously rung, and the engine brought out—it was discovered to be a burning brush heap which some one had set on fire.

THE A. M. E. Sunday School will give an entertainment at Cabeen's Hall, on next Wednesday evening. A varied programme is announced, and it bids fair to be a good entertainment. It is for the benefit of the School. Tickets 35 and 25 cents.

ON the arrival of the Union line freight at Bristol, last night, it was discovered that a car had been broken into, six boxes of dry goods opened, and a large quantity stolen. The theft was committed at some point between Jersey City and this place.

THE revival services at the M. E. Church are still continued with increasing interest. The church is well filled each evening, and from twelve to twenty penitents are at the altar nightly. Sixty-one have joined the church on probation, and about eighty have been converted.

ON and after Monday next, there will be a change in the arrival and departure of the mails from the Bristol post office. The mails from New York will arrive at 7 and 11.30 A. M. and 7 P. M. From Philadelphia at 8 A. M. and 4.30 and 8 P. M. The fast mail from the south and west will arrive at 9 A. M.

IT is intended to form an association of Bucks county people residing in Philadelphia. A call for a meeting at the Board of Trade room Mercantile Library building on Friday evening the 28th inst. to form a permanent association is published. The call is signed by a number of well known gentlemen who formerly resided in this county.

AT the meeting held last Friday evening to establish a post of the G. A. R., Capt. S. Yardley was called to the chair and James Lawrence appointed secretary. Sixteen names were enrolled. The secretary was directed to confer with the Adjutant General in order to obtain a better understanding of the course to be pursued in effecting an organization.

ISAAC OSMOND, of Mill street, was run over by the 5:11 train on Monday last, at Cold Spring. It is supposed that he was stepping from one track to the other, and not seeing this train, was run into and killed. It was very foggy and the engineer could not see any distance ahead. The Coroner held an inquest on Tuesday, and the jury rendered a verdict of "accidental."

THE Bristol Gas Light Company has reduced the price of gas as follows: from 500 to 1500 feet, $4 per 1000 feet, 1500 to 3000, 3.75 per 1000 feet, 3000 to 6000, $3.50 per thousand feet, 6000 to 12000, $3.25 per 1000 feet, 12000 feet and over $3.00 per 1000 feet. The regular reduction of 5 per cent, on bills paid within five days after presentation will also be adhered to. See notice in advertising column.

LAST night, the train from Trenton to Kensington, due here at 10.05 P. M., came in collision with the railroad standpipe at Walnut street. The standpipe was broken off, the headlight of the locomotive mashed, and the lights of two of the passenger cars extinguished. No one was injured. The accident was caused by the neglect of the person whose duty it was to fasten the projecting arm of the standpipe back in its position after the preceding train took water, and the high wind prevailing blew it over the track.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining unclaimed in the Bristol Post Office, January 19, 1876:—William Bessonett, Amelia Bartleson, Mary Brice, James Bossler, Matilda C. Butcher, Theodore Booz, Mrs. Elizabeth Booz, Philip Calahan, Emma Croll, Annie F. Cox, Mary G. Cummings, George Donell, Edward Ford, Annie Jeffries, John Johnston, Mary Ann Jones, Anthony Kennedy, Wm. Margerum, Annie L. Morris, Susan Moore, Jacob Moyer, Hugh Mackey, Thomas Richardson, Susan Roray, Jacob Simon, (farmer,) Annie M. Stine, Henry Smith, George Smith, Sarah E. Sparling, Allen Stackhouse, Emma Tomlinson, John Turner, Annie Worrell.

AT Johnsville, Warminster township, George Brown and his wife had a "little difficulty" that is likely to result in the death of Mrs. B. The accounts of the affair are, as far as we have learned, rather mixed up. It appears that peace has not been a ruling power in the Brown household, but that the husband and wife have indulged in several domestic combats, in which, the neighbors say, they have heretofore been pretty equally successful. The last one occurred on Friday night, when it is alleged Mrs. Brown was intoxicated and threatened to kill her husband before morning, which so enraged George that he hit her over the head with a cane, cracking her skull to such an extent that the brain was visible. She has been insensible since, and no hopes of her recovery are entertained. Brown has not been arrested at present writing.

M'LLE ROSA D'ERINA, Erin's Prima Donna, will give one of her musical entertainments in St. Mark's Catholic church, Bristol, on Wednesday evening next. She is gifted with a splendid Soprano voice of great power and compass admirably suited for the interpretation of sacred, classic and operatic music, and receives unqualified commendation wherever she appears. The press of the different cities of the world unite in bestowing upon her the most flattering testimonials. The London *Times* says "Rosa D'Erina has won all hearts by her exquisite rendering of the delightful music of her native land. She is truly marvelous in her repertoire of Music from many Lands.'" The New York *Herald* says "Rosa D'Erina is a splendid vocalist, of the most varied talents, and was welcomed by one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Steinway hall." In the Boston *Post* we find the following: "This lady who comes with such glowing commendations from the press of Europe and America, sang herself immediately into favor with a large audience last evening, and may count upon another success to add to the many upon her list. She has a very agreeable stage presence, her voice is clear and sweet and pleasing in the highest degree. Her versatility is really remarkable and she renders her entire difficult programme in an artistic manner."

Court Proceedings.

December adjourned court for arguments commenced on Monday last, January 17, with his Honor, Richard Watson, President Judge, and Judge Godshalk on the bench—Judge Morrison not being able to attend, being sick and not expected to live. The following cases from the lower end of the county were argued:

Commonwealth *vs.* Patrick McLaughlin, convicted of shooting at Henry Moore, an employee of the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company—his application for a new trial was argued, the exceptions filed by defendants were to the charge of the court, which was taken down by the court reporter in short hand: that the Judge charged as set forth in the exceptions was denied by the attornies for the Commonwealth. After arguments the court admitted the defendant to bail until February term next. In the meantime the charge of the court will be reported in full by the reporter in writing. District Attorney, Abram H. Jones and Henry Lear, Esq., for Commonwealth; and Railroad Company and George Ross, N. C. James, Vanartsdalen and Lawrence for defendant.

A petition for the appointment of an auditor in the estate of S. T. Greene, was presented to the court. B. F. Gilkeson for petition.

In the case of Donahan *vs.* Isaac S. Eastburn, which was a writ of certiorari to L. L. White, J. P. After argument the court reserved its decision, and will give a written opinion. Lloyd for defendant, Jones for Eastburn.

In the cases of William A. Lelan *vs.* David W. Kelly, the court took the same course, and will file written opinions. Ross and James for Lelan, Jones for Kelly.

January 19, at Newtown, Ellwood Backman was adjudged a lunatic by Abram H. Jones, Esq., Commissioner, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Bucks County, and a jury of six men, summoned by the sheriff of said county to inquire into the lunacy of said Backman, by virtue of a writ of de lunatico inquirendo.

In the hearing of the rule for an injunction granted by Judge Watson, on a bill of equity filed by Messrs. Cadwalader and Robert Burton, executors of Charles Burton, deceased, against Gabrial Rue and Henry Rue, for obstructing an ancient private way, the Court granted a preliminary injunction, pending an action at law, against the Rues. Abram C. Jones for executors, Vanartsdalen and Lawrence for defendants.

A Bill in Equity was filed on Monday last by Isha Smith and other stockholders of the Morrisville Manufacturing Company and the officer thereof, for the appointment of a receiver. Jones for plaintiff, Lear for defendant.

Doylestown and Vicinity.

The depot at this place was robbed on Sunday last of some fifteen Philadelphia tickets, valued at fifteen dollars. A close watch was kept upon all persons who presented these tickets to the conductors, and on Tuesday evening a police officer of Philadelphia brought to jail a colored man named William Johnson, *alias* "Lilac," charged with having committed the theft. Johnson left Doylestown early on that morning, and gave to the conductor two tickets, for himself and a boy, containing the numbers of the missing tickets. When the train arrived at Berks street he was arrested, brought back and committed to answer at the February Court. He says he did not steal them, but they were given him to sell.

The Cold Spring Hotel, kept by Jacob B. Reefe, in the lower end of our borough, was entered and robbed of a revolver and some segars, and about ten or fifteen dollars was taken from the money-drawer in the bar-room. The burglars made their entrance through the window. This is the third time that this hotel has been robbed during the last year, and judging from the condition in which the room was left, the robbers were undoubtedly frightened away.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the popular lady lecturer, will lecture in Lenape Hall on the evening of the 8th of February. Her subject will be "Concerning Husbands." Mrs. Livermore visited us during the teachers' institute, and those who heard her then pronounced her lecture one of the best of the day.

Levi L. James, the present District Attorney, came near meeting with a serious accident on Sunday last. He was out driving, when his horse took fright and ran away, throwing him out and considerably damaging his wagon. Mr. James received but few injuries, and is able to attend to his every-day business.

The silver-ware taken from the residence of Col. W. W. H. Davis was found under a small bridge near New Britain, in as good condition as when it was taken. It was wrapped in an old coat. Every means has been taken to find the owner of the coat, but no one recognizes it. The same night that it was taken a horse was missing from the neighborhood of New Britain, and it is generally supposed that both acts were committed by the same parties.

The regular January adjourned court commenced on Monday last. This was one of the largest courts of the kind held for some time. There were several motions for new trials, principally in the Quarter Sessions, where the defendants were convicted at last session. Among them was the case of the Commonwealth *vs.* Patrick McLaughlin, charged with shooting with intent to kill. The court heard the argument, and reserved decision for a few days.

The business occupied the whole of three days, and then several cases were continued.

John Rose, a resident of Springfield township, was committed to Fort Reinhart last week, on a warrant issued by Esquire Trumbower, charging him with the larceny of some goods belonging to one Thomas Berkenstock.

Hon. Joseph Morrison, one of the associate judges of our court, was unable to attend to his duties at the adjourned court, owing to a very severe attack of illness. The Judge has long been suffering with different afflictions, but we hope that he may so far recover as to occupy the position he has so faithfully and honorably filled, to the end of his term.

Senator Yerkes has arranged his business so that he will be able to attend to his clients on Saturday and Monday of each week. He left on Monday evening for Harrisburg, to attend the Governor's inauguration. Mr. Yerkes has introduced into the Legislature a bill for the suppression of vagrancy, and we have no doubt but the people of this county will hail with joy any remedy that can be obtained to dispense with this great and growing evil.

Hulmeville and Vicinity.

At the weekly meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on Friday evening last, the following officers were elected to serve during the ensuing annual term: President, J. Ross Snowden; Vice Presidents, E. G. Harrison; W. G. P. Brinkloe; Treasurer, Edward Townsend; Recording and Financial Secretary, Chas. T. Harrison; Corresponding Secretary, J. H. Knight; Executive committee, William Bache, W. H. G. Griffith, William R. Vansant, Silas Barkley and H. M. Meridith. The President, J. Ross Snowden announced that he had made out his report fully expecting to retire from the chair, and so, as he had been again honored by being re-elected, his report was hardly apropos, and would give instead of his written an oral report. He stated that this was the fifth anniversary of the founding of the Association, and gave a good account of the work it had accomplished. An essay was read by Miss Hannah Mauger, one of our county's most competent school instructors, entitled "The Lights and Shadows of a Teacher's Life." The essay showed careful preparation, and the subject was handled with evident talent and ability. Considerable discussion was elicited by it on the subject of corporal punishment in our public schools, which was participated in by several of the members. Dr. Griffith, our genial and competent homeopathist, gave a recitation on the "Character of Napoleon;" which gave evidence of an oratorical power and remembrance of school-day exhibitions that many supposed the doctor incapable of. Miss Laura Duffield recited "The Children of the Mist" in a manner which elicited the applause and admiration of all. It is much hoped that Miss Mauger and Miss Duffield, as well as the doctor, will favor us again on Lyceum night and help make that night even more interesting and entertaining than the others. On Friday evening next there will be a debate on the question—"Should the Bible be Abolished in our public schools?" Edward Townsend will open the discussion, to be followed by W. H. G. Griffith.

E. G. Harrison has sold the farm of the late Joseph Canby, which he recently purchased of the executors, to Charles Osmond, of Middletown, for $132.50 per acre.

The *Democrat* says the colored lads and lasses of Hulmeville and vicinity will hop around in Johnson's Hall, to-night. As there is but one colored person in Hulmeville, we presume the vicinity will be largely represented. The "hop" originated in Newtown, and is under the management of colored gentlemen from that place. They came to Hulmeville, we presume, because we have a hall that is an ornament to the county,—which Newtown has not.

WE understand that a project is on foot to erect gas works at Langhorn, the station on the Delaware and Bound Brook R R., situate between Attleboro' and Hulmeville, which is to supply the three places with gas. It is estimated that a hundred average consumers would make the works pay, and if certain of that number, a company will doubtless be formed, and the project pushed forward. It is merely talked of as yet, but as the completion of the railroad will necessitate, or call for just such an improvement, we expect to hear of Hulmeville, Langhorn and Attleboro' being lighted with gas before the year is over.

Chancellor Runyon, of New Jersey, has filed his opinion in the case of the Mercer and Somerset Railroad against the Delaware and Bound Brook Railroad Company, concerning the disputed railway crossing at Hopewell, dismissing the bill, complainants to pay the costs. This confirms the Delaware and Bound Brook Company in its claim to the crossing.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

A Historical Reminiscence—A Swindle?

On the borders of Pennsylvania, some distance from the Ohio line, in the year 1856, was located a savings institution, known as "The People's Drop Penny." William White was director and president of the association, and Samuel Fulmer was secretary.

It was a regularly organized concern, and did a legitimate and thriving business. It was the means of many a poor individual saving his money instead of spending it foolishly for things worse than useless. Any sum, large or small, was received on deposit, and interest allowed at five per cent. per annum, on all sums of one dollar or more. The money could be drawn out at any time upon thirty days notice.

In this way the business had been conducted very satisfactorily for several years, and some thousands of dollars of the people's money had been received and invested.

Mr. White, the president, was also a director of good standing in the Paywell Bank, a few miles distant. At that time specie payments were all the rage; and three-cent pieces, and five-cent pieces, dimes and quarters, were as numerous then as fractional currency notes are now, and these small pieces had accumulated in the Bank of Paywell to such an extent as to be a trouble and annoyance to the officers of the bank in counting and handling the "small stuff."

At a meeting of the Board of Directors the matter was discussed, without arriving at any conclusion as to the best means of abating the nuisance. The subject was taken up again at the next subsequent meeting, when the president, Thomas Finney, solicited William White to take some of it to his institution, and "pay it out over the counter to their customers." To this request Mr. White agreed, and he took $3000 of it and deposited it in "The People's Drop Penny," as a deposit from the Paywell Bank. But the next day, the cashier of the Paywell Bank meeting Mr. White, said to him, "we cannot get this matter properly upon our books while it is in this shape. You give us your note for it, on demand, and then there will be no trouble about it, for then, you see, we can enter it and carry it along without any trouble." To this request Mr. White assented, without fully considering the danger he was placing himself in.

Nothing more was said about the matter until the following year—1857. The crisis came, causing a "collapse," and a general suspension of business affairs. The People's Drop Penny "went up," along with hundreds and thousands of other financial concerns in the country. But Mr. White, its president, had made himself individually responsible to the Paywell Bank for this $3000; and they would not submit to a pro-rata dividend from the Drop Penny auditors. No explanation or entreaty could induce them to see the matter in its proper light, or to fix it in any other way than to "compel White to pay the money." He stood charged with it on their books, and he alone must pay for it. In vain he reasoned. He even went and brought the deposit book and the secretary, to show that the entry had been made by Samuel Fulmer, and that the money had gone into the saving fund, and not into his individual coffer. But it was all of no use,—he had rendered himself liable, and now there was no escape but to pay the money. Mr. White did not want the money—he only took the "little stuff" to accommodate the other bank—it was never any benefit to him, individually; and had the cashier not played a "smart game" with him, and obtained his personal obligation for it, the Paywell Bank would have had to be content with the auditors' percentage at the final settlement of the affairs of The People's Drop Penny saving institution. S. M.

THE Bristol correspondence to the *Intelligencer* has this to say concerning the proposed application of two persons for tavern licenses:—It is rumored that Michael Garvey and Fred Hildebrandt intend making application for license to sell liquor in Bristol, under the guise of keeping hotels for the accommodation of the travelling public. Our temperance men should take the matter in hand at once, and by a strong remonstrance endeavor to prevent the saddling of two such places on the community. There is not sufficient business now for the four hotels already here. Some of them are kept as hotels should be, for the furnishing of good meals and comfortable beds to strangers and sojourners, but the business is so small in that line that all are forced to depend upon the bar. The locality of the two places proposed proves conclusively that liquor selling is the only object. One is on a little street leading from Buckley street, where there can be no travel except between the canal and mill pond, and is in close proximity to the Buckley street woolen mill. Shall the efforts of Messrs. Hughes and Slack, the proprietors of the mill, to instill good morals and Christian doctrines into the hearts of their three hundred employees by the establishment of missions and Sabbath schools, be thwarted by the opening of a grog shop in their midst? In the name of common humanity let every man protest against it.

THE COLONEL AND HIS SILVERWARE.—The *Democrat* of last week contained a saddened account of the loss by robbery of Col. W. H. H. Davis' silverware, valued at about $200. This week's edition of the Col's. spicy paper gives an account of the recovery of part of the stolen valuables. It appears that the thieves left the articles returned in two places: one bundle, containing a silver teapot, coffeepot wateringpot, and mustard spoon, was found by Caleb F. Fox, in a deep ditch in the lane of Jos. Shewell, and another bundle, containing a silver pitcher, part of a loaf of bread, and a towel was found by the same person in a woods about half a mile from the place of the other discovery. Of course the Col. begins to feel happier since such *valuable* property has been returned him, as he announced in last week's *Democrat* that the stolen property was *solid silver*. The story comes to us all the way from Doylestown that the "solid silver" stolen was *only plated*, and the thieves discovering this, thought it useless to carry it farther, and so abandoned it. Is there not a little mistake somewhere?

ON Monday night last, an attempt was made on the life of Richard Swain, of Penn's Manor. The would-be assasin mistook him for Mr. Mershon, as he asked him if he was Joab Mershon. Mr. Swain, in reply, asked him, "what was it his business if he was?" when the man seized him by the throat, and drawing a large knife, threw him to the ground and tried to stab him. His clothes were badly cut and his flesh somewhat scratched, but in the struggle Mr. S. succeeded in getting uppermost, and taking advantage of the opportunity afforded, jumped on his adversary, and stunning him, ran home. Who the villain was, and what became of him, is yet a mystery, but one that should be unraveled. It is supposed that it was an attempt to extort money, and that the man knew Mr. Mershon had money on his person, and expecting him to pass that way, mistook Swain for him. The affair occurred on the meadow owned by Hector Robbins.

As I am anticipating a larger trade than ever before during this

CENTENNIAL YEAR,

and shall use every effort in my power to effect this result; and in order that I shall continue to offer to my numerous patrons goods from a stock that is always new and desirable, as well as the latest styles, I am ready to dispose of my remaining winter stock at a considerable

REDUCTION,

so that all who are still in need of Dress Goods, Shawls, Furs, Blankets, etc., or any goods belonging exclusively to our winter sales, would do well to call and examine our prices, as I desire to make room for our spring purchases. In addition to this, I have just received a large stock of Muslins and Calicoes, which we are selling at prices lower than ever before.

Heavy Yard-wide Sheeting, at 9 and 10 cents a yard.

40-Inch Unbleached Sheeting, 10½ cents a yard by the piece.

Williamsville Bleached Muslin, 12½ cts. per yard.

Fruit of the Loom Muslin, 12 cents per yard.

Striped Calico Shirting, 8 cents a yard.

Cotton Flannels, 9, 10 and 12½ cents a yard.

Corsets, from 45 cents to $1.50.

A large variety of Fancy Goods, Notions, Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

Cloths and Cassimeres for Men's and Boys' wear.

Trunks, Bags, Satchels, Boots and Shoes.

Carpets, Oil Cloths and Shading.

Fine Glass and White Stone China Ware.

Stock of Fine Groceries, full.

J. WESLEY WRIGHT,
Next to Canal Bridge,
Mill Street, Bristol.

☞ Mr. F. P. Stults, Watchmaker, 10½ Broad street, Trenton, N. J., intends giving away three prizes, two silver watches and a fine bronze clock, on the same plan that he gave the $100 Gold Watch away. He will commence giving out tickets about the 20th of this month.

☞ All kinds of patent roofing done on terms to suit every one, by Wm. A. Gilton Bristol.

☞ Horsford's Acid Phosphate and Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, at Dr. Pursells.

☞ Norny's Preserving Powder and Upham's Fresh Meat Cure, at Dr. Pursell's.

☞ Seeley's Hard Rubber Trusses are the best—price $5 at Dr. Pursells.

OBITUARY.

The Rev. John R. Hamilton, of the Presbytery of Monmouth, died at Bristol, Bucks county, Pa., on the evening of the 12th inst.

Mr. Hamilton was a graduate of the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny, Pa. He was licensed to preach in 1857 by the Presbytery of Blairsville. Subsequently he was Pastor of the Presbyterian churches at Fairview, Pa., Newark, Del., and Red Bank, Monmouth county, N. J.

In all these charges he did effective work, and by his pulpit ability and pastoral faithfulness impressed himself very strongly upon the respect and affection of the people.

About two years since, a disease of the throat obliged him to desist from preaching, and remanded him, in order to support, to the business of the druggist, to which he had given attention before he entered the ministry. He therefore resigned his charge at Red Bank, and removed to New Oxford, Adams county, Pa. After a year's residence in that place, he removed to Bristol in September last, to avail himself of a very promising opening in business. The rest of his history can be soon told: He was very happy in his last residence, chiefly because it offered to him the opportunity *to worship at least* in the church of his fathers, and of his own decided choice. But God willed it otherwise. In a few short months his life was ended.

Whatever others may have thought, death came to Mr. Hamilton unexpectedly. For not more than two days before its occurrence did he anticipate the event. It found him, however, fully prepared. "He knew whom he believed." His will was the will of God. Carefully he made every arrangement for his funeral, and for her whom he was about to leave husbandless and childless, and then had nothing to do but to die. In perfect peace he fell asleep.

Mr. Hamilton was but little known in Bristol. His short residence here, and infirm health prevented him from making acquaintances. The writer of this notice, however, saw him often, and at times for hours together. He feels it to be his mournful privilege to place on record his sense of personal bereavement in the death of this beloved brother. Intelligent, genial, well educated, refined Christian, it was the writer's fond hopes that there might be for him years of inspiring and satisfying companionship with his brother with whom he has been called so soon to part.

"Help Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men." K.

Philadelphia Bond and Stock quotations reported expressly for the GAZETTE by JOHN K. WILDMAN, No. 26 South Third street. January 18, 1876.

BONDS.—Pennsylvania Loan, 2d series, 102a104; Pennsylvania Loan, 3d series, 111¾a112¼ Philadelphia City 6's, 106¾a106½; Allegheny Valley 7.30's, 94¼a95; Camden and Amboy 6's, 1883, 102a103; do. do. 1889, 99 a 100; do. Mort., 1889, 105 a 106; Lehigh Val; 7's, 112 a 112½; North Pennsylvania 7's, 106½a 107, Pennsylvania and New York Canal 7's, 107 a 108 Pennsylvania R. R. 1st Mort., 104 a 104½; co. general Mort. Coupon, 100½ a101½; do. do. Mort. Registered 103 a 104; Philada. & Erie 7's, 88½ a 89; Philadelphia and Reading 7's, 109½a 110; do. General Mortgage 7's, Coupon, 106½a107; do. do. 7's, Registered, 106¾ a 107; do. New Conv. 7's, 105 a 105½; Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis 7's, 80½ a 81; West Chester 7's, 107 a 108; West Jersey 7's, 106 a 107; Wilmington and Rdg. 1st Mortgage 7's, 45 a 49; Lehigh Navigation Gold Loan, 6's, 103 a 103½.

STOCKS.—Lehigh Valley Railroad, 62¾a62¾; Mine Hill Railroad, 52¾ a53; Nesquehoning Valley Railroad, 53 a 56; Pennsylvania Railroad, 54½ a 54¾; Philad'a and Reading Railroad, 52¾ a 52¾; Philada. & Trenton R. R. 133a135; United Co.'s of N. J. (C. & A.) 137a 137½; Central Transportation Co. 45¼a 45½; Fifth and Sixth street R R., 73a75; Hestonville R. R., 30¼a 30½; Second & Third Sts. R. R. 88a90; Leh. Nav., 50¾ a 50½.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Monday, Jan. 17, 5 P. M.

Beef Cattle were dull this week, but prices of the better grades were firmer. 3500 head arrived and sold at 7¼a7¾c. for extra Pennsylvania and Western steers; 6a7c. for fair to good do., and 4a6¼c. per lb. gross for common, as to quality.

Sheep were in fair demand. 8500 head sold at 4½a 6½c. per lb. gross, as to condition.

Hogs were dull and lower. 5000 head sold at $9a 11 50 per 100 lbs., net.

☞ The installment plan of selling Sewing Machines is getting out of favor with the different Companies, but Wm. H. Booz will sell them by weekly or monthly installments, or a liberal discount for cash. If he has not the kind you want, he can soon get it.

☞ WANTED.—Live agents to sell "The Centennial Exposition of American Presidents." in Philadelphia and throughout the State. Now is the time to secure good territory. Address, or apply to MR. BEECHING, 111 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ Sewing Machines and Clothes Wringers on installment, at Booz's, Radcliffe street.

☞ Pursell's Fever and Ague Mixture is sold more than any remedy of its kind in this part of the county.

☞ Condensed Milk at Dr. Pursell's.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, COUGHS AND COLDS.

The great virtue of this medicine is that it ripens the matter and throws it out of the system, purifies the blood, and thus effects a cure.

SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, ETC.

The Tonic produces a healthy action of the stomach, creating an appetite, forming chyle, and curing the most obstinate cases of Indigestion.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT, ETC.

These remedies are a certain cure for Consumption, as the Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, create a healthy bile, and removes all diseases of the liver, often a cause of Consumption. The Sea Weed Tonic gives tone and strength to the stomach, makes a good digestion, and enables the organs to form good blood; and thus creates a healthy circulation of healthy blood. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if taken in time, and the use of the medicines persevered in.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's medicines for sale by all Druggists.

ROGERS' MAGNETIC OIL AND LIVER PILLS,

WILL Cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Diseases of the Kidneys, and Fever and Ague.

DR. S. ROGERS, Proprietor, No. 206 Dock Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by druggists and dealers in Patent Medicines. 59

New Advertisements.

Clover Seed of Prime Quality.

ALSO, TIMOTHY, ORCHARD, HERD and other Field Seeds.

J. W. CORNELL & CO., Implement and Seed Warehouse, 88 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J. Farm Implements and Seeds.

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF MARY Y. WILSON, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.—All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims are requested to present them in proper order for settlement, to ANTHONY SWAIN, Executor. 244

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF JOSHUA V. BUCKMAN, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.—All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims are requested to present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to JAMES BUCKMAN, S. E. Corner Eighth and Green, Philadelphia. Or ANTHONY SWAIN, his Attorney. 243

A GRAND ENTERTAINMENT CONSISTING OF Music, Readings and Recitations, WILL BE GIVEN AT CABEEN'S HALL, On Wednesday Evening, January 26th. For the Benefit of the A. M. E. Sunday-School. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Exercises commence at 7:45. TICKETS, 25 AND 35 CENTS. 243

Wanted.

INTELLIGENT WOMEN who desire to enter the profession of Nursing, at the Training School of the Woman's Hospital, Philadelphia. The constantly increasing demand for skilled nurses offers immediate and profitable employment to the graduates of this school. The Hospital gives to its students tuition, residence and maintenance, free; also their laundry-work.

Apply in person, if possible; if at too great distance, by letter, in hand-writing of applicant, stating age, health, &c., to DR. ANNA E. BROOMALL, Woman's Hospital, North College Avenue and 22d Sts., PHILADELPHIA. 241

Office of The Bristol Gas Light Co., JANUARY 7, 1876.

RESOLVED, That from and after February 1, 1876, the price of Gas shall be regulated by the quantity used during any one quarter (of three months), by any one person, party, company or corporation, and shall be as follows;

500 and less than 1500 feet, $4.00 per 1000 feet.
1500 and less than 3000 feet, $3.75 per 1000 feet.
3000 and less than 6000 feet, $3.50 per 1000 feet.
6000 and less than 12000 ft., $3.25 per 1000 feet.
12000 feet and over, $3.00 per 1000 feet.

Less 5 per cent, if paid within five days after the presentation of bill, and if not paid within thirty days the supply of gas will be stopped. Provided, that when less than 500 feet is used in any one quarter a meter rent of 25 cents per quarter shall be charged in addition to the price of gas.

By order of the Board of Directors, SAMUEL SWAIN, Treasurer. 242

WILLIAM HEACOCK'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS, 18 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

PARLOR SUITS, Bed Room Suits, Secretaries, Sideboards, Extension Tables, and a variety of Chairs of the latest style, constantly on hand. Removals and Packing of Furniture carefully attended to. Rooms to Let for Storing Furniture. ☞ Furniture Cars to Hire. 946

New Advertisements.

Bucks Countians Meeting.

A MEETING OF THE BUCKS COUNTIANS, now living in Philadelphia, will be held at the room of the Board of Trade, Mercantile Library, Tenth Street above Chestnut, on FRIDAY EV'NG, JANUARY 28th, for the purpose of considering the propriety of forming a permanent organization. All Bucks Countians are cordially invited to attend.

B. F. HART, EDWARD M. PAXSON, WM. H. IVINS, JNO. STACKHOUSE, DR. B. N. BETHEL, DR. J. A. PAXSON, THOMAS CERNEA, AARON FRIES, GEORGE A. SMITH, O. H. WILSON, A. B. IVINS, J. J. BROODHURST, EMMOR WALTON, MORRIS L. FELL, SENECA MALINE, WM. G. FOULKE. 240

HALE, KILBURN & CO., Sole Manufacturers of the Prize Medal CHAMPION Folding Bed.



The Everitt Patent. Warranted Cheapest. Best. All styles and prices. From $33 Upwards. Hale's Flexible Seat CHAIRS & SPRING BEDS. Looking Glasses, Picture Frames, Fine Walnut Work, and CENTENNIAL SHOW-CASES made to order. Nos. 48 and 50 N. Sixth St., Phila. 193

For Sale.

A MARE COLT, two years old next spring,—of large size. Sired by Abdallah. MAHLON TOWNSEND, Byberry. 228

For Sale or to Let.

TWO DRESSED STONE HOUSES ON JEFFERSON AVE. Price, $6,500. Rent, $600. Houses of all descriptions for sale. JOSHUA PEIRCE. 216

For Rent.

A FOUR ROOMED HOUSE FOR $5 A MONTH. Apply to CHARLES S. BAILEY, Radcliffe Street. 197

Money to Loan ON FIRST MORTGAGE.

ENQUIRE of McFARLAND BROS., No. 18 Decatur Street, Philadelphia. 240

For Rent, in Bristol.

COMFORTABLE HOUSE, eleven rooms, 2 attics ceiled, hall, open stairs, summer kitchen, range, hydrant, side entrance, garden. Pleasantly situated opposite "Bank" yard. Four minutes to boats or cars. Apply to EMMOR COMLY, next door. 1st mo. 11, 1876. 231

$50,000 TO LOAN on FIRST MORTGAGES, OF NOT LESS THAN $1,000.

Apply to E. G. HARRISON, Commercial Insurance Company, Office, 44 Mill Street, Bristol. 204

CHINESE PRIMROSES.

GERANIUMS, &c., &c., in pots; Small Boquets of Cut Flowers; Dried Grasses and Everlasting Flowers; Hanging Baskets, for sale by TACIE TOWNSEND, Dorrance Street. 190

New Market House BY DAVID G. MICHENER, No. 103 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa., (East side of Canal Bridge.)

Excellent Beef, Sausage, &c., constantly on hand, cheaper than the cheapest. 835

Store and Residence FOR RENT.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED STORE-STAND AND RESIDENCE, of the subscriber, on Mill Street near the railroad, is offered for rent upon favorable terms. Apply to A. J. HIBBS. 227

INSURANCE.

FRANK P. ADAMS, Agent for the FRANKLIN, LYCOMING, FARMERS, WATERTOWN and GRANITE INSURANCE COMPANIES.—Office with A. H. JONES, Esq., Bristol, Pa. From 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. 233

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks County. Bristol, Pa., 1st mo. 11th, 1876.

AT the Annual Meeting for election of Directors, held this day, the following persons were elected for the ensuing year; Stacy Brown, Caleb N. Taylor, Anthony Swain, Pelrson Mitchell, Edward Thomas, Charles Moon, Louis A. Huguet, Isaac Comly, Ellwood Burton.

And at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held subsequently, Caleb N. Taylor was unanimously re-elected President. 235 CHAS. T. IREDELL, Cashier.

MEAT! MEAT!

MILTON WEBSTER, AT THE Corner Mill and Cedar Streets, BRISTOL, PA.,

KEEPS always on hand a large supply of FRESH BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, &c. Also, Smoked Hams, Bologna Sausage, Smoked Shoulders, and Prepared Meats of all kinds. ☞ Special inducements given cash customers. 28



E. C. FLOCK, Attleboro, Pa., IS PREPARED TO PUT ON EGYPTIAN and other kinds of PATENT ROOFING, On short notice and on favorable terms. 23

Which Plan is the Best?

THE COMMERCIAL Insurance Company INSURES DWELLING HOUSES, STORES, &c., &c.

(No hazardous risks taken.)

ON EITHER MUTUAL OR STOCK PLANS.

In the Mutual Plan the fees are fixed at a rate that will meet all expense and the average loss by fire. The policies being liable to assessment in case of extra losses.

The Stock Plan is upon the usual rates of Stock Companies, with no liability for assessment.

Full particulars given. Apply at office No. 44 Mill Street, BRISTOL, PA.

JAMES M. SLACK, PRESIDENT. E. G. HARRISON, SECRETARY. 740

Stoves! Stoves! AT COST! AT COST! For the next Thirty Days. OUR STOCK OF HEATING STOVES Will be sold at a small percentage above Cost FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS. Now is the Time to Secure Great Bargains in Stoves!

Roofing and Spouting MADE A SPECIALTY. TIN ROOFS PUT ON OVER OLD SHINGLE ROOFS. A. BARNARD, BRISTOL STOVE HOUSE, Mill Street opposite Post Office, BRISTOL, PA. Orders by mail promptly attended to. 82

For Sale or to Let.

TWO NINE-ROOM HOUSES on East corner of Lafayette and Wood Streets. Price, $2,000. Rent, $180. Houses of all descriptions for sale. JOSHUA PEIRCE. 217

Buy Your Cigar Boxes OF WILLIAM R. BAILEY, Bristol, Pa. SHOP—WASHINGTON STREET, in rear of residence. 32

Philadelphia.

THE Bryant & Stratton BUSINESS COLLEGE, ASSEMBLY BUILDING, S. W. COR. TENTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS, Entrance, 108 South Tenth St., below Chestnut, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

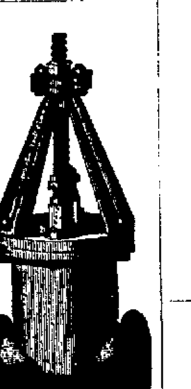
Scholarships good in 46 Colleges in the United States and Canadas. Actual business transactions between the students of the different institutions. Individual instruction. No vacations. Students received at any time. For particulars, call or send for Catalogue. 192



R. T. H. STILEMAN, UNION HYDRAULIC Machine Works, GERMANTOWN AVE. & SECOND ST., PHILADELPHIA. Stop Cocks, Fire Plugs, Station Valves, &c.,

For the use of Water Works and Railroads. Also Stileman's Patent Fire Plug for use of Steam Engines.

PATTERN MAKING, BLACKSMITHING Drilling Machines, Hammers, Chisels, Caulking Irons, Gasking Irons, Lead Furnaces and all Tools appertaining to Pipe Laying. Residence, 124 Edward Street. 109





WATSON FREEMAN. EDGAR A. MILLER.

FREEMAN & MILLER, Successors to ROBERT FREEMAN & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN THOROUGHLY RELIABLE WALNUT FURNITURE, For Bed-Rooms, Dining-Rooms, Halls, Libraries, &c. &c. &c.

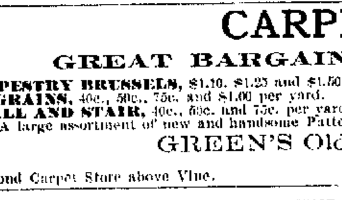
Our $55 Walnut Dressing Case Chamber Suit, three pieces, Italian Marble Tops, is selling very rapidly, and meeting with general approbation, and we especially recommend it to those wishing low priced goods. Our stock of fine goods is as complete as usual in all its variety, and our prices as *low* as the *lowest* for the same grade of goods.

FREEMAN & MILLER, 45 North Second Street, Philadelphia. 121

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY GOODS!

WILKINS & SMITH, Furniture and Carpet Dealers, 219 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia. AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK, CONSISTING OF PARLOR AND BED-ROOM SETS, DINING TABLES, CHAIRS, LOUNGES, BRUSSELS AND INGRAIN CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, SHADE, &c., At the Lowest Prices. 966

C. LEUTZ, FURNITURE WAREROOMS, 431 North Second Street, PHILADELPHIA.



OLD FURNITURE NEATLY REPAIRED, RE-UPHOLSTERED AND VARNISHED. CHAIR AND SPRING MATTRESSES MADE TO ORDER. 112

CARPETS. GREAT BARGAINS IN CARPETS.

TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, $1.10, $1.25 and $1.50 per yard. INGRAINS, 40c., 50c., 75c. and $1.00 per yard. HALL AND STAIR, 40c., 50c. and 75c. per yard. A large assortment of new and handsome Patterns, at GREEN'S Old Reliable Carpet Store, 323 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA. Second Carpet Store above Vine. [965]

WINDOW SHADES, CURTAINS AND FURNITURE,

AT THE LOWEST PRICES CONSISTENT WITH QUALITY. Estimates and Designs for town and country homes furnished free. WALRAVEN'S, 1105 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. 947

JOSEPH G. HARVEY. NIMROD A. HARVEY.

HARVEY BROTHERS, FURNITURE WAREROOMS, 345 NORTH SECOND STREET, above Vine, Philadelphia.

A full assortment of superior Furniture on hand. Goods carefully packed and shipped. 878

Ready Made Dress Suits IN THE LATEST PARISIAN STYLES, CONTANTLY ON HAND AT MADAME M. D. CAHILL'S Parlor Show Rooms, 1216 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. 1216

After the New York style (where all the most Fashionable establishments of this character are located up-stairs), these parlors are on the second floor, front room, and easy of access. Suits guaranteed in 24 hours. Special attention given to private orders. Prices to suit the times. 189

EMBELLISH YOUR HOMES AND SAVE MONEY.

Looking Glasses, Chromos and Picture Frames.

LOOKING GLASS, from floor to ceiling, $55; large French Plate, $30; elegant Parlor Glasses, from $10 to $20; large Chromo, in Gilt Frame, $6; Walnut Photograph Frames, 75 cents,—durable and cheap.

1028 (R.,) 611 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

UMBRELLAS AND CANES. Holiday Presents. M. & A. HASSLER'S Manufactory. 634 Arch St., 3 doors below Seventh, Philadelphia.

THE finest and largest assortment of SILK, ALPACA and ZANILLA UMBRELLAS with plain and fancy handles. Storm King and other Umbrellas. Gold and Ivory Head, and Natural Wood Canes in immense variety. 111

W. D. CLAYTON'S GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHY, No. 9 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. Portraits in Oil, Pastal, Crayon, India Ink, Water Color and Plain. PORCELAIN MINIATURES A SPECIALTY. WALTER DINMORE, Photographer. 186

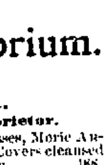
GILMOUR, HARTZELL & CO., Wholesale and Retail GROCERS, N. E. Corner Main and Sellers Streets, Frankford, Pa.

AGENTS for Siddall's Cold and Hot Water Soaps. Flour, Feed, Grain and Salt of all kinds, constantly on hand. 237

MOORE YORK & HOWELL, MANUFACTURERS OF Fine Cabinet Furniture, UPHOLSTERY, PATENT FOLDING TABLES, 261, 263 and 265 South Second Street, Philadelphia. HENRY YORK. [238] GEORGE R. HOWELL.



I. BEDICHIMER, Engraver and Manufacturer of Masonic Marks, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, American Mechanics, Red Men, and all other Society Badges, Pins and Emblems. Also, dealer in WATCHES AND JEWELRY. No. 140 North Second St., Philada. 54



THE Paris Scouring and Dyeing Emporium. THE ONLY PRACTICAL PLACE IN THE CITY. 161 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia. JOHN M. NEURATH, Proprietor.

Gentlemen's clothing Cleansed, Dyed and Altered to the latest fashion. Ladies Silk Dresses, Morie Antique, Opera Cloaks and Woolen Fabrics, Feathers, Kid Gloves, Gaiters, Piano and Table Covers cleansed and Dyed by an entirely new process, which is superior to anything yet known to the public. 188

The Cheapest and Most Reliable Cloak, Suit and Fur Store. Northwest Corner Eighth and Race Streets, Philadelphia.

CLOAKS at $5.00, Cloaks at $6.00, Cloaks at $8.00, Cloaks at $10.00 up to $50.00. Our $10.00 Coats a perfect gem. Suits from $10.00 up. FURS.—Children's Furs, 75 cents a set and up, Sable, Seal, Alaska and Mink Furs at prices to suit the times. Our Children's Coats, and Ladies' and Children's Waterproofs we sell very fast from the fact of their being very cheap and good. It will pay you whatever part of the country you reside to visit this Cheap and Fashionable Emporium. ISAAC CASSERES, Northwest Corner Eighth and Race Streets, Philadelphia. 185

Philadelphia.



198

AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. S. E. Corner Fourth and Walnut.

GEORGE W. HILL, President. GEORGE NUGENT, Vice-President. ALEXANDER WHILLDIN, Chairman Finance Committee. JOHN C. SIMS, Actuary. JOHN S. WILSON, Secretary and Treasurer. J. G. HAMMER, Assistant Secretary. 211

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JOHN K. WILDMAN No. 26 South Third Street, Philadelphia. BONDS AND STOCKS of all kinds bought and sold. United States Bonds EXCHANGED FOR OTHER SECURITIES. 617

Buy your Groceries OF R. K. BARRETT, 462 North Second Street. A few doors below the Red Lion Hotel, PHILADELPHIA. Our Teas and Coffees Are equal to any in the City. 62

THOMAS J. GILLEN, DEALER IN Fine Groceries, Teas, Coffees, Spices, Etc., FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS. 520 North Second Street, PHILADELPHIA. 50

ASHWORTH BROTHERS, GROCERS AND TEA DEALERS, N. E. Cor. SECOND & BROWN STREETS, PHILADELPHIA. 982

JOHN GREEN, PARK Packing, Curing and Smoking ESTABLISHMENT, S. E. Corner Norris and Howard Streets, PHILADELPHIA. 926

W. JAY STEVENSON. WM. FALOON.

LOOKING GLASSES AND PICTURE FRAMES

RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Old Gold Frames Re-Gilt and made to look as good as new. CHROMOS MOUNTED and PICTURES FRAMED at STEVENSON & CO'S. 921 Market St., (2d Floor), Philadelphia. Give us a trial. 948

WILLIAM A. BACKHUS, Grocer and Tea Dealer, N. E. CORNER THIRD AND SOUTH STS., PHILADELPHIA. Hams, Fish and Flour specialties. 100

Hams a specialty. JAMES MAGUIRE, JR., Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Hams, Teas, Coffees, FLOUR, SPICES, CANNED FRUITS, BUTTER AND EGGS, SHOULDERS, FLITCH, &c. Sugar Cured Hams, 13 cents per pound. No. 226 South Street, Philadelphia. 99

J. M. MASTELLER, PRACTICAL SHIRT MAKER, PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED. S. E. COR. SECOND & CALLOWHILL STS., PHILADELPHIA. ☞ A full line of Gents' Furnishing Goods. 232

WILLIAM FOX, MERCHANT TAILOR, AND Men's Furnishing Goods, NO. 320 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA. 94

EDWARD CLINE The Merchant Tailor, NO. 836 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA. Can fit the most fastidious. 870

JACOB ROTH, Fashionable Tailor, No. 1318 Germantown Avenue, Below Master Street, PHILADELPHIA. 79

JOHN REYLE, Merchant Tailor, No. 1332 North Second Street, Corner of Germantown Ave., PHILADELPHIA. 935

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

From the Christian Union.

THE ELM AND THE VINE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

[From the Spanish of Jose Rosas, of Mexico.]

"Uphold my feeble branches
With thy strong arms, I pray;"
Thus to the Elm, her neighbor—
The Vine—was heard to say;
"Else, lying low and helpless,
A weary lot is mine,

Crawled o'er by every reptile
And browsed by hungry kine."
The Elm was moved to pity;
Then spake the generous tree:
"My hapless friend, come hither,
And find support in me."

The kindly Elm, receiving
The graceful Vine's embrace,
Became, with that adornment,
The garden's pride and grace;
Became the chosen covert
In which the wild birds sing;
Became the love of shepherds,
And glory of the spring.

O beautiful example
For youthful minds to heed!
The good we do to others
Shall never miss its meed;
The love of those whose sorrows
We lighten shall be ours,
And o'er the path we walk in
That love shall scatter flowers.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

FATTENING PORK.

BY WILLIAM H. YEOMANS.

There is no department of agricultural labor that requires more attention than that of fattening pork. This can be done at a minimum cost, or the expense can be very much increased, according to the attention of the farmer.

Accounts are frequently read of the use of corn as a combustible to be used as fuel in some portions of the west; this would look like poor economy, especially here at the east where there is a lack of production of corn, and a surplus of wood; and yet many farmers have so little regard to the proper time for fattening pork that they are literally effecting a combustion of corn, or other food, for the simple purpose of warming their hogs. Not that the ears of corn are thrown behind a grate where there is a gleaming fire from which radiates heat that outwardly warms the porkers, but that by those subtle fires of nature, some of which are almost, if not wholly beyond the comprehension of man, the corn is converted into elements which by a union with oxygen are compelled to aid the animal heat.

But how is this necessary? It is not necessary except in those cases in which hogs are kept so long as to carry their period of existence into the winter months, and so, of consequence, into a time of cold weather. Notwithstanding the fleshy condition of pork hogs, they are so extremely sensitive to cold that they demand a comparative evenness of temperature of the body, which must be maintained either at the expense of the accumulated fat or by the feeding of an increased amount of food; thus it will be seen that unless special provision is made for keeping nearly uniform the temperature of the hog room by artificial heat, if a hog is kept into cold weather, there must be indirectly at least a waste of material in the shape of corn. Now this can be avoided by keeping the hogs in fair condition during the summer, and then commence fatening in the early fall, bringing the animal into good slaughtering condition before the approach of very cold weather. It is very much to be doubted whether ever the first cost of grain can be obtained by feeding to some for the purpose of fattening in the winter. It would be far better to bring the hogs into as good condition as possible and slaughter early, sell the grain that would be consumed later and purchase pork, than to feed at so great disadvantages, to say nothing of the time spent in milling and tending the animals. The only objection to this course would be found in the fall of removing the grain from the farm; this could be remedied by feeding to other stock, although the manure is not quite as valuable as when manipulated by the hogs. By all means manage to complete the fattening of swine before extreme cold weather.

One of the most interesting addresses at the recent meeting of the Massachusetts Teachers' Association was by Col. T. W. Higginson of Newport, R. I., on "Common Sense in Teaching History." He said: "is there any reason in the world why history should be so hard to teach, should be so difficult to convey to our children? Great energy is brought to bear on it, and teachers complain of the indifference of pupils in this important branch. Time alone and renewed experiments must answer the question and explain the failure. I am perfectly sure that one great cause of failure proceeds from the false demand the teacher makes upon himself at the outset, and makes consequently upon the pupil, the demand, that is, that at all hazards, by every sacrifice, by the use of the most hydraulic press that can be brought to bear, the maximum of facts and dates must be crammed into the child's head without reference to the ideas, the feelings, and the emotions that history should create. And I include all the text-books brought down to this date, the smallest of which contains, in my judgment, more than twice the number of facts that any child ought to be called upon to learn or to remember."

The Irwinton (Ga.) *Southerner* tells the deacon's story as follows: "Deacon Smith, of Wilkinson, owns, or did own, a horse, which one time in his life saved him an incalculable amount of money by its horse sense. The deacon says himself and wife, while partaking of their noonday meal, were very much surprised at the actions of their horse, which was loose in the road near the house. It would run up to the gate, neigh vigorously, and then run off again. This was repeated several times, and the deacon arose from the table to ascertain the cause of its strange conduct. He reached the door and looked out, and saw away off in the direction the horse had run a dense smoke. He seized his hat and ran to the place. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'lightning had struck a tree and set it on fire, and the flames had communicated to my fence around my cornfield,' containing about eight hundred bushels of corn. The fire had consumed about a dozen panels of fencing and reached a branch. My horse, when I arrived, was standing in this branch, dipping her tail into the water, and throwing the water on to the burning fence.' The crowd looked incredulous. The deacon said, 'Gentlemen, if you don't believe it, you ask Mahaly.'"

TO MAKE OLD HORSES APPEAR WELL.—The horse is often prevented from throwing his weight into the collar, by a *tight check-rein*—a useless and painful incumbrance introduced by vanity, and retained by thoughtlessness amounting to cruelty. Ask horse-keepers why they use it, and hardly any one will give the same answer, though it is supposed by them to be a great safeguard in case of stumbling. The real object for which it was introduced was to make every horse to which it was applied, however weak, or old, or poor, assume the lofty carriage of the thoroughbred horse; and the tossing of the head, the foam at the mouth, and the restless agitation of the body (mute, expressive signs of pain and sufferage) came, in a little while, not only to be disregarded, but even looked at with approbation. Fortunately, this vitiated taste is rapidly going out of fashion as better information is diffused. Few of the London cab-drivers use check-reins. Knowing them to be inconsistent with proper work; and when one is observed, it will invariably be found to be on some poor animal, whose weary and haggard appearance is attempted to be disguised by this implement of torture.—*Am. Stock Journal.*

An English archdeacon—John Sinclair—has published a volume of "Sketches of Old Times," in which he tells this story of the great Scotch novelist: "Before Sir Walter Scott acknowledged himself to be the author of the 'Waverley Novels,' my sister Catherine said to him: 'If you tell me which of these novels you prefer, I shall tell you in return which of them has the preference, given it by Miss Edgeworth.' Sir Walter agreed, and she told him Miss Edgeworth had said: 'There is a freshness and originality about the first novel, which, in my opinion gives it a decided superiority over all the rest.' 'Well, Miss Sinclair,' said Sir Walter, 'I, for my part, enjoyed the Antiquary more than any other. There are touches of pathos in it which affected me; and I had many a hearty laugh at the expense of the Antiquary himself.' 'Yes,' rejoined my sister, 'the author of these novels, whoever he may be, is always laughing at some body, and in the case of the Antiquary, the person he is laughing at is evidently himself.'"

A writer from Visalia, Cal., says: "The meanest and one of the most stingy men in town, named Mr. Z., was taken suddenly ill and was not expected to recover. He asked to have his will made out, which was accordingly done. After reading it over carefully, he arose, drew on his pantaloons leisurely, and was heard to exclaim: "Egad! this is too much to leave any man." He can be seen walking the streets now as well as well as ever."

Wood's Price List for January 1876.

GENTS' colored bordered Handkerchiefs, 8 cts.; Suspenders, 15 cts.; Shirts, 40 cts.; drawers, 40 cts.; gents' half hose, 10 cts.; heavy wool Hose, 16 cts.; boys Sheepskin Mitts, 25 cts.; Kid Gloves, 60 cts.; real Buck Gloves, $1.35; Buck Mitts, 75 cts.; men's Sheepskin Gloves, 40 cts.; men and boy's Overshirts, Undershirts, Drawers, &c., in great variety and at astonishing figures. Also Stockings, Collars—linen and paper, Cuffs, &c.; Paper Collars, 5 cts. box; Silk Neckties, 25 cts.; Pocket Knives, 18 and 20 cts.; ladies Undershirts, 37 cts.; ladies tucked and embroidered drawers, 35 cts.; ladies Hose, 10 cts.; splendid yard wide Muslin, 10 cts.; remnants Muslin, 6 cts. yd.; good Bugle Fringe, 20 cts.; Bugle Gimps, 9 cts.; Feathers, 10 and 15 cts.—all colors; Birds, 50 cts.; infants Puffed Dresses, 50 cts.; infant Robes, $1.10; Bed Quilts, $1.50; Felt Skirts, 75 cts.; Germantown Wool, 10 and 12 cts. oz.; Velveteen, 50 cts.; child's stripe Hose, 10 cts.; best Spool Cotton, 6 cts.; Skirt Braid, 5 cts.; Pins, 3 cts. paper; splendid Note Paper, 10 cts. quire; Envelopes, 4 cts. pack; Arnold's Jet Black Ink, 5 cts.; Blue Ink, 6 cts.; quart bottle French Ink, 12 cts.; Pens, Pencils, &c. Rio Coffee, 25 cts.; good Black Tea, 40 cts. lb.; pure Clear Starch, 8 cts.; Fancy Toilet Soap, 20 and 30 cts. dozen; Hand Scrubs, 10 cts.; good glass Tumblers, 50 cts. dozen; Tomatoes, 2 cans for 25 cts.; Canned Cherries, 20 cts.; Peaches, 20 cts.; good washing Soap, 3 and 4 cents; Pure Spices at low figures. Best New Orleans Molasses, new crop, 85 cts. gallon; new family Mackerel, 50 cts. dozen. Everything cheap. Warranted *at* and *below city prices*. All for cash. No trust.

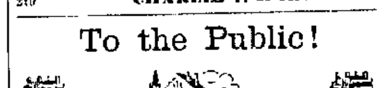
J. H. WOOD, 58 Mill Street,
Corner Mill and Wood Sts., BRISTOL, PA.
933

SOMETHING NEW!



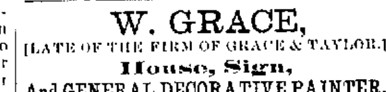
MUSIC STORE,
46 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
THE CELEBRATED ARION PIANO, Estey's Superior Cottage and Parlor Organs. Also the Bay State Organ. Prices from $60 to $750.
For sale by **CHARLES T. HARRISON.**
219

To the Public!



THE UNDERSIGNED having established an agency for the sale of
REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY,
In the Borough of Bristol, would inform his friends and the public generally, that he is about to prepare his catalogue of property for this season's sales.
Persons having property for sale, by sending a description of the same to his office, they will be entered in the Sales Register, and published in the Catalogue without charge.
Special advertising, in city or county papers, will be done if ordered, at printer's charges
Customers by Railroad are met at any of the stations and taken to view properties for sale, without charge.
A duplicate Register is kept at his office No. 112 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, for the convenience of city customers.
E. G. HARRISON.
No. 44 Mill Street.
55 BRISTOL, PA.

A. J. HIBBS,
REAL ESTATE
AND
GENERAL BUSINESS AGENT,
BRISTOL, PA.



EFFECTS SALES AND PURCHASES REAL ESTATE, attends to the Renting of Houses and Farms or any business connected therewith. Personal Property sales taken charge of, and prompt and careful attention given to any business entrusted to his care. 230

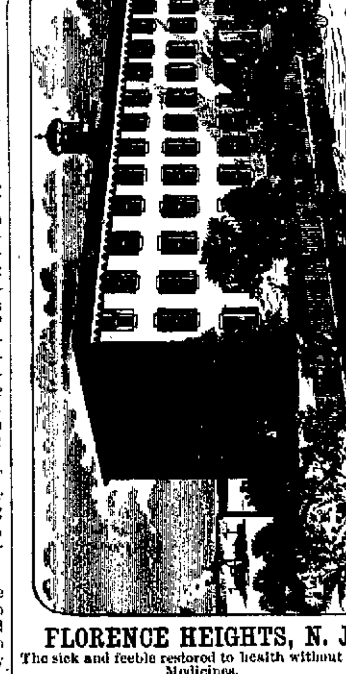
W. GRACE,
[LATE OF THE FIRM OF GRACE & TAYLOR.]
House, Sign,
And GENERAL DECORATIVE PAINTER.
Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging.
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Or his Attorneys:
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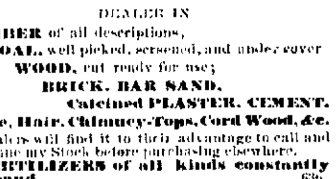
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